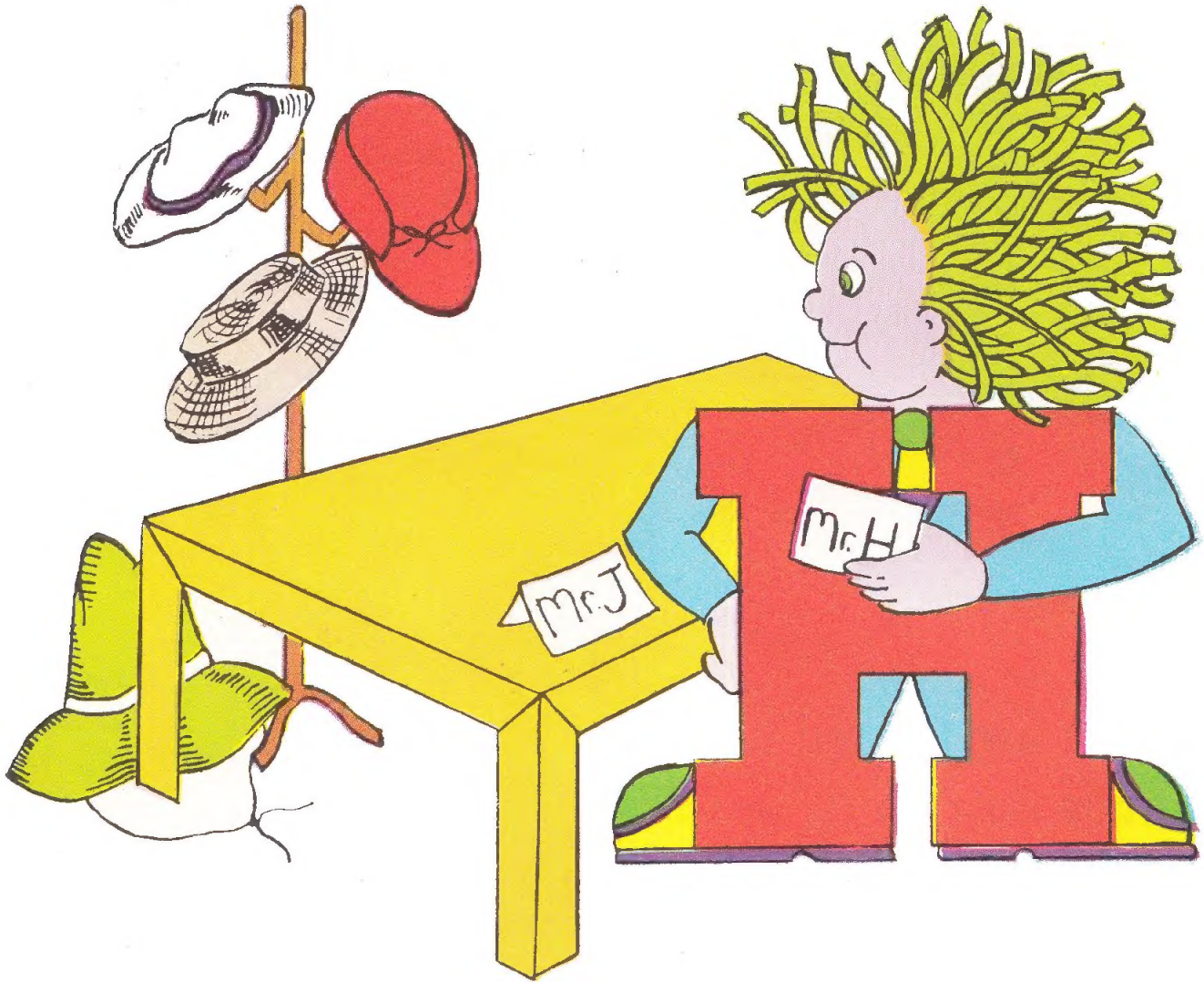


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A Pile of Hats



I have a pile of hats.

I will send hats I can not use to Mr. J.

I will make a pile of hats for me.

I will make a pile of hats for Mr. J.



Can I use the red hat?

It has dust on it.

I can wipe the dust off with a wet rag.

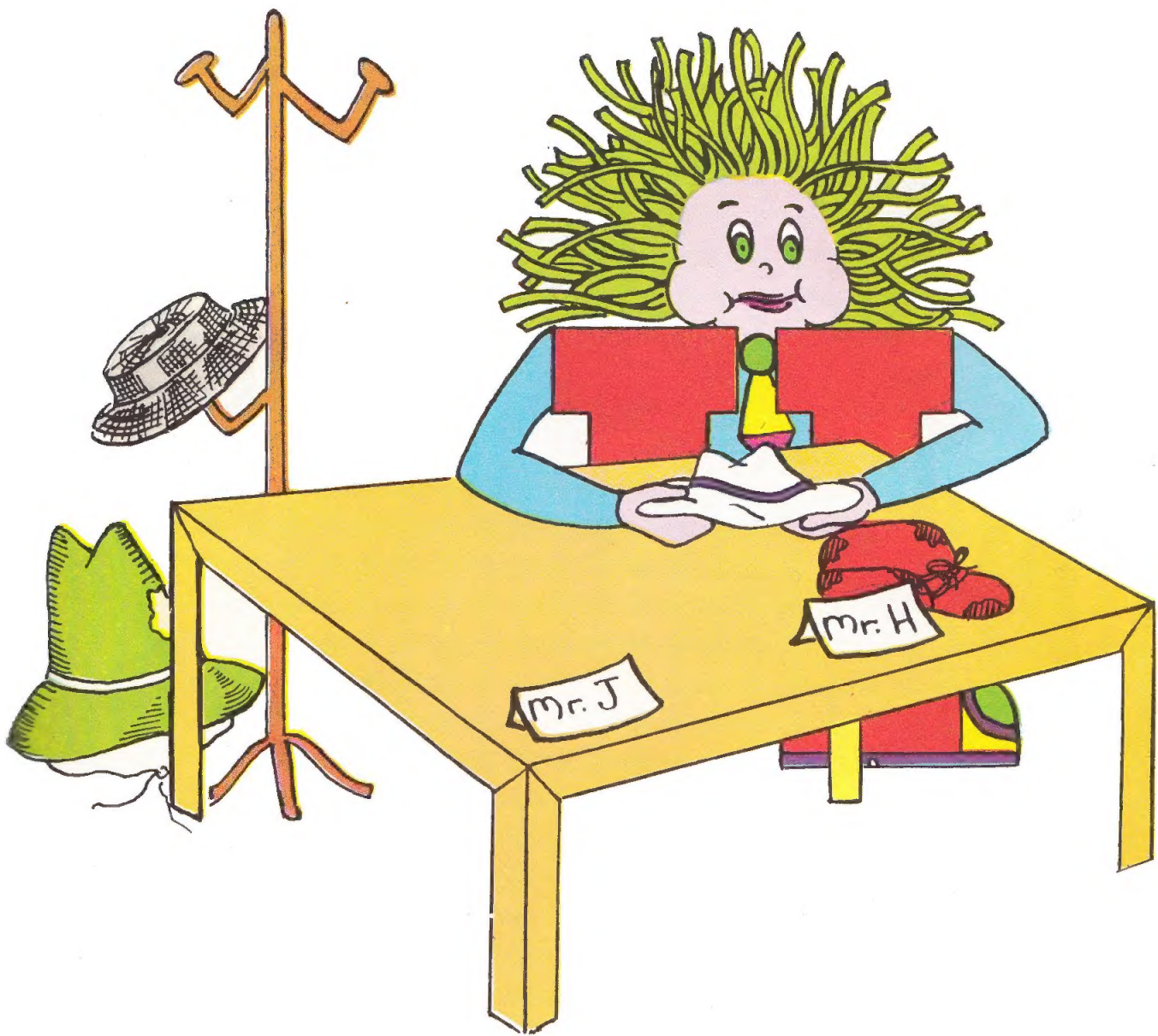
The wet rag made five spots on the hat.

Mr. J will not like five spots on a hat.

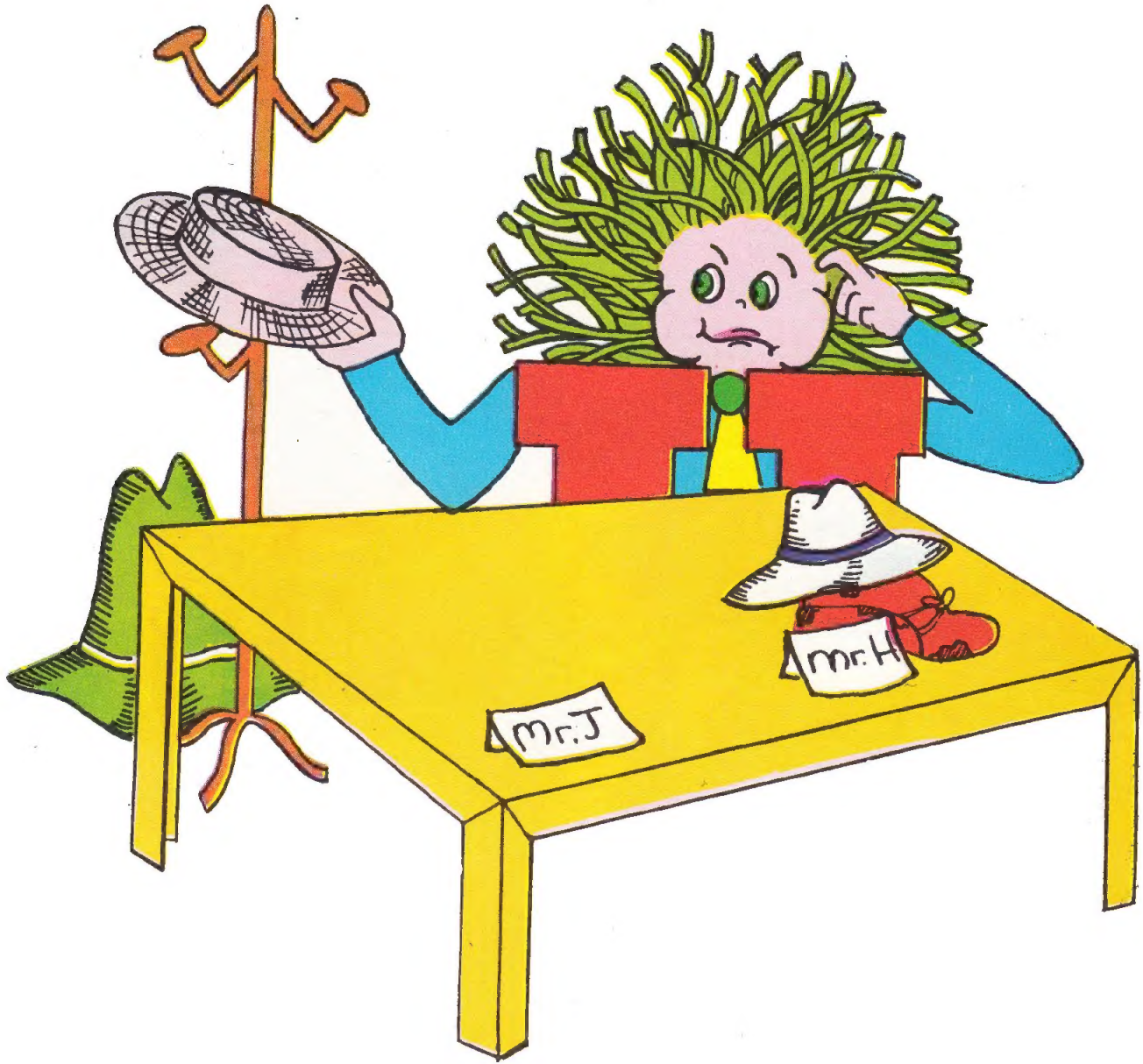
The hat will have to be for my pile.

I will send the hat to Mr. P.

He will fix it for me.



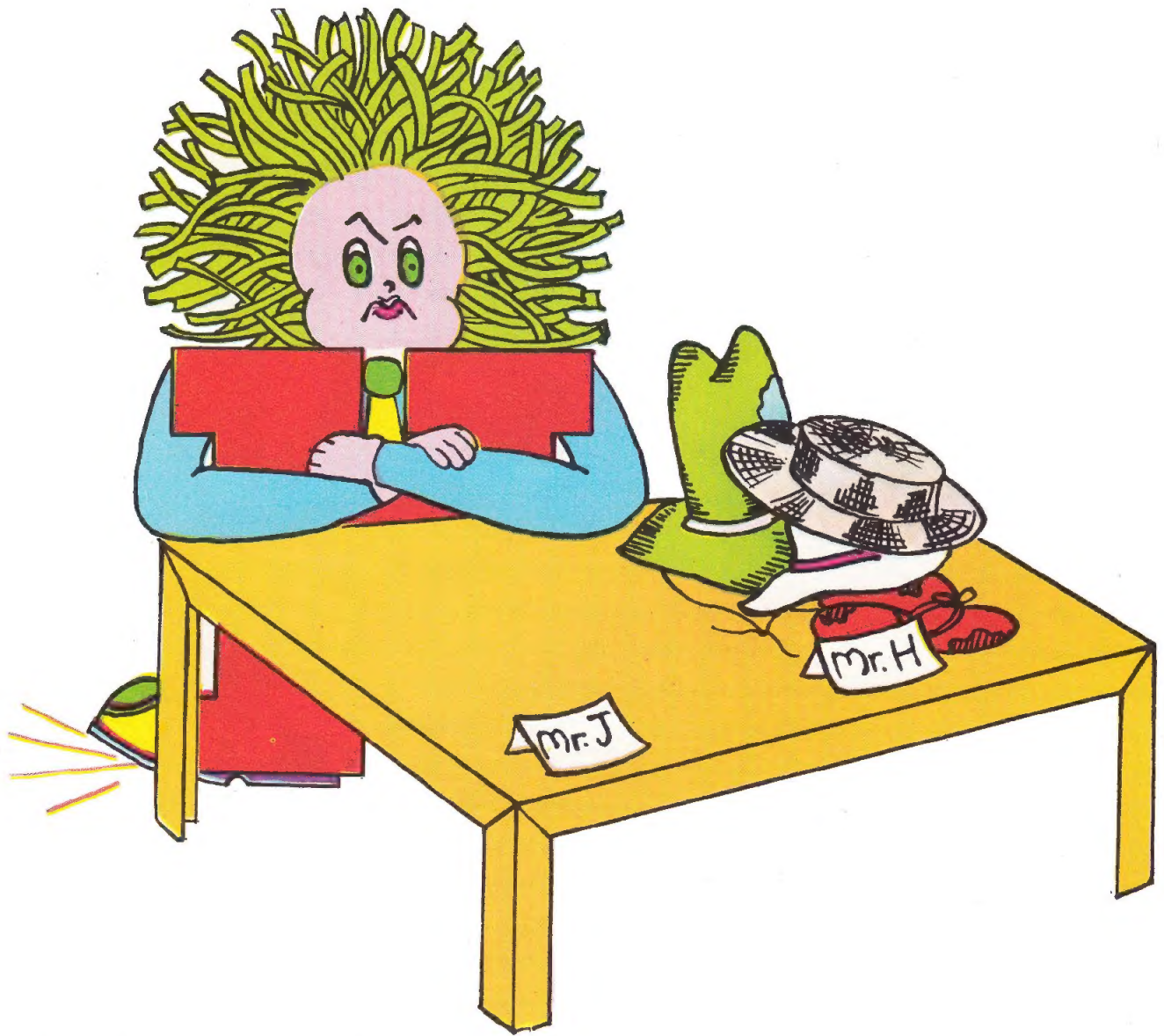
The next hat is flat.
I must have sat on it.
Mr. J will not like a flat hat.
The hat will have to be for my pile.
I can fix the hat.
I will pop it up.



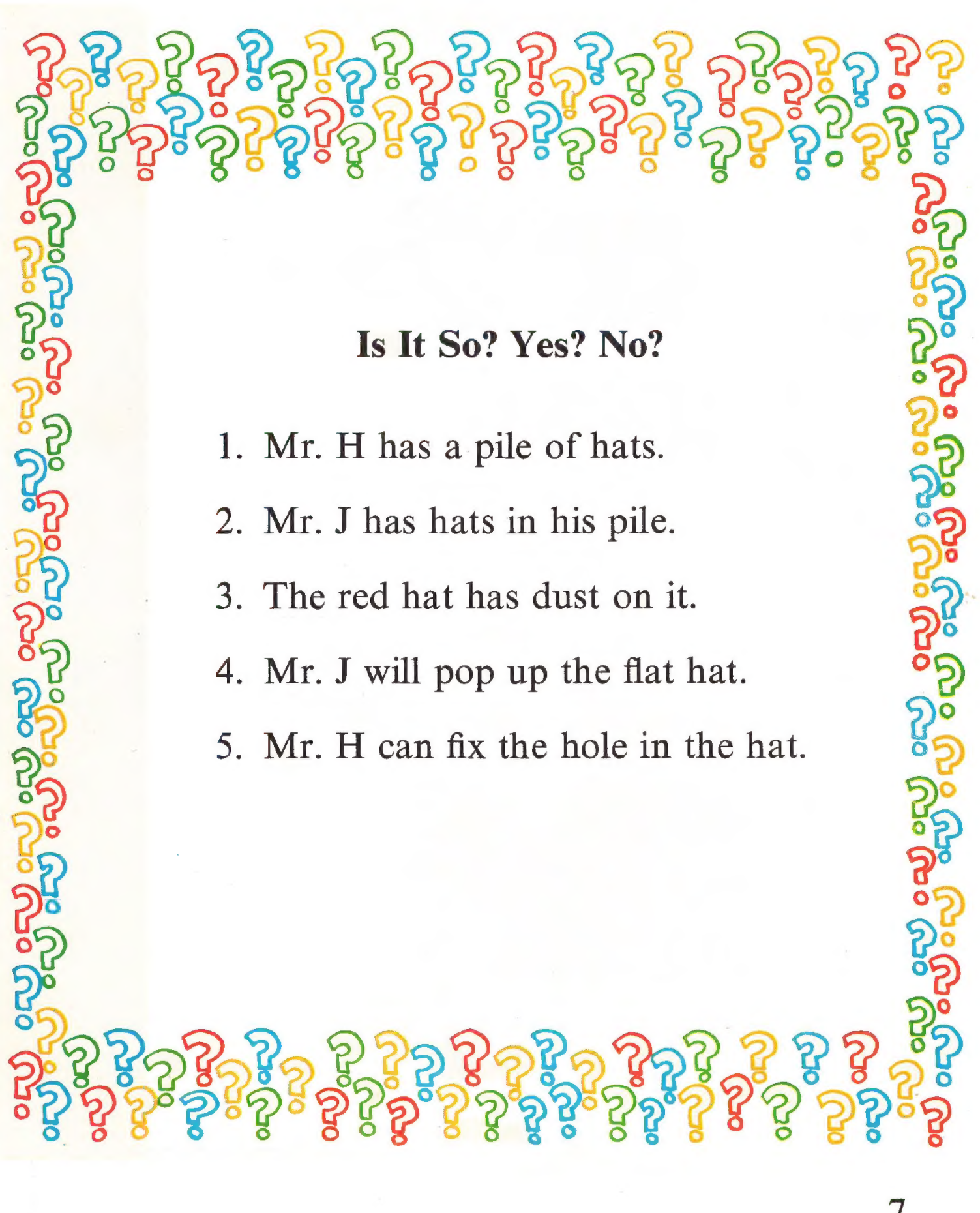
The next hat has a stiff brim.
Mr. J will not like a stiff brim.
The hat will have to be for my pile.
If I wet the hat, the brim will get soft.



The next hat has a hole in it.
Mr. J will not like a hole in a hat.
The hat will have to be for my pile.
I will use a pin to close the hole.



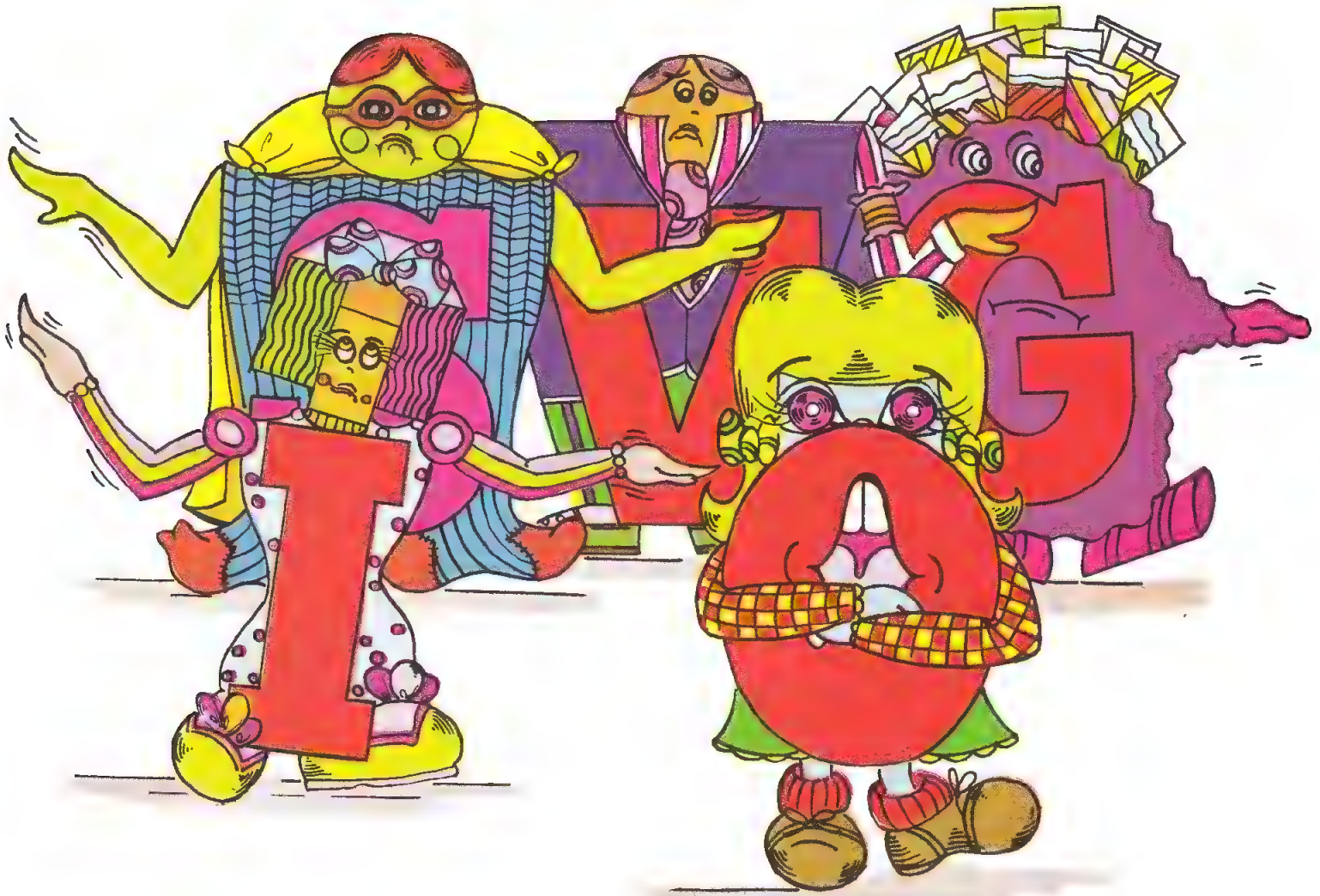
My pile of hats is big.
I like all my hats.
The pile for Mr. J has no hats at all.
Mr. J did not like my hats.
Not a hat did he like.
I quit!



Is It So? Yes? No?

1. Mr. H has a pile of hats.
2. Mr. J has hats in his pile.
3. The red hat has dust on it.
4. Mr. J will pop up the flat hat.
5. Mr. H can fix the hole in the hat.

Miss O Picks A Game



Miss O picks a game.

Miss O picks Mr. V, Mr. G, Miss I, Mr. S.

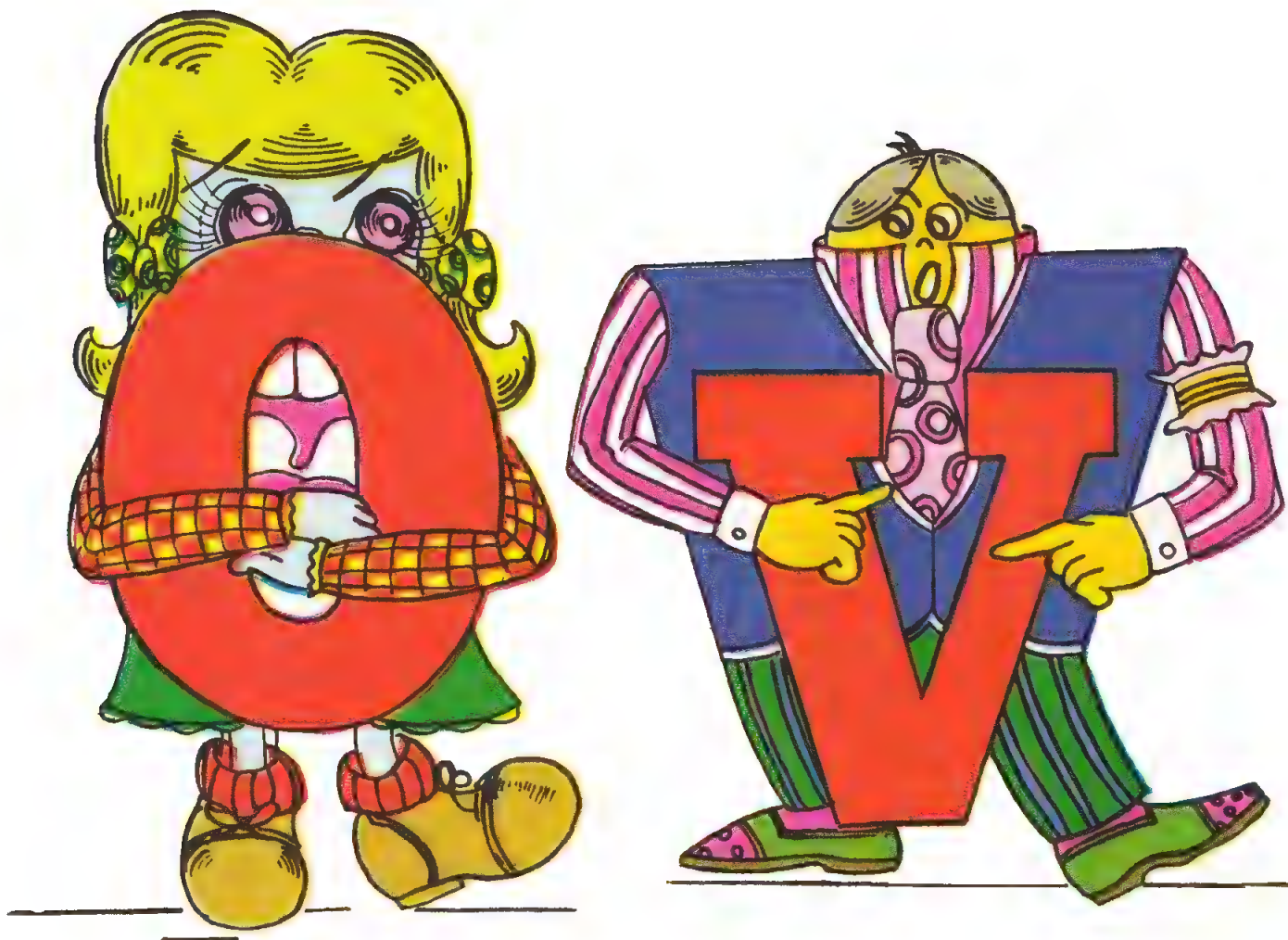
Miss O says, "You must all be a bee.

A bee must buzz. A bee must go fast.

Quick! Run! Let me hear you buzz.

Do not stop! Keep it up!

Run and buzz. Be quick!"



“I do not like the game,” says Mr. V.

“I will leave.

I can not be a bee and run and buzz.

I am just Mr. V.”

“It is a fine game,” says Miss O.

“I like it!”



Miss O calls, “You must all be frogs.
Be quick! A frog must leap and croak.
Quick! Let me see you leap and croak.
Do not stop! Keep it up! Leap and croak!”

“I am not a frog,” says Mr. G.

“I am just me. I do not like the game.
I will leave.”



“It is a fine game,” says Miss O.
“I like it! We can not waste time.
We must all be a tree.
A tree bends and snaps its twigs.
Quick! Let me see you be a tree.”

“I will not be a tree,” calls Miss I.
“The game is fun for you.
It is not fun for me. I will leave.”

“You can leave!” screams Miss O.

“We must not waste time.

You must all be a jet plane!”

“All?” asks Mr. S. “All means just me.

Mr. V, Mr. G and Miss I left.

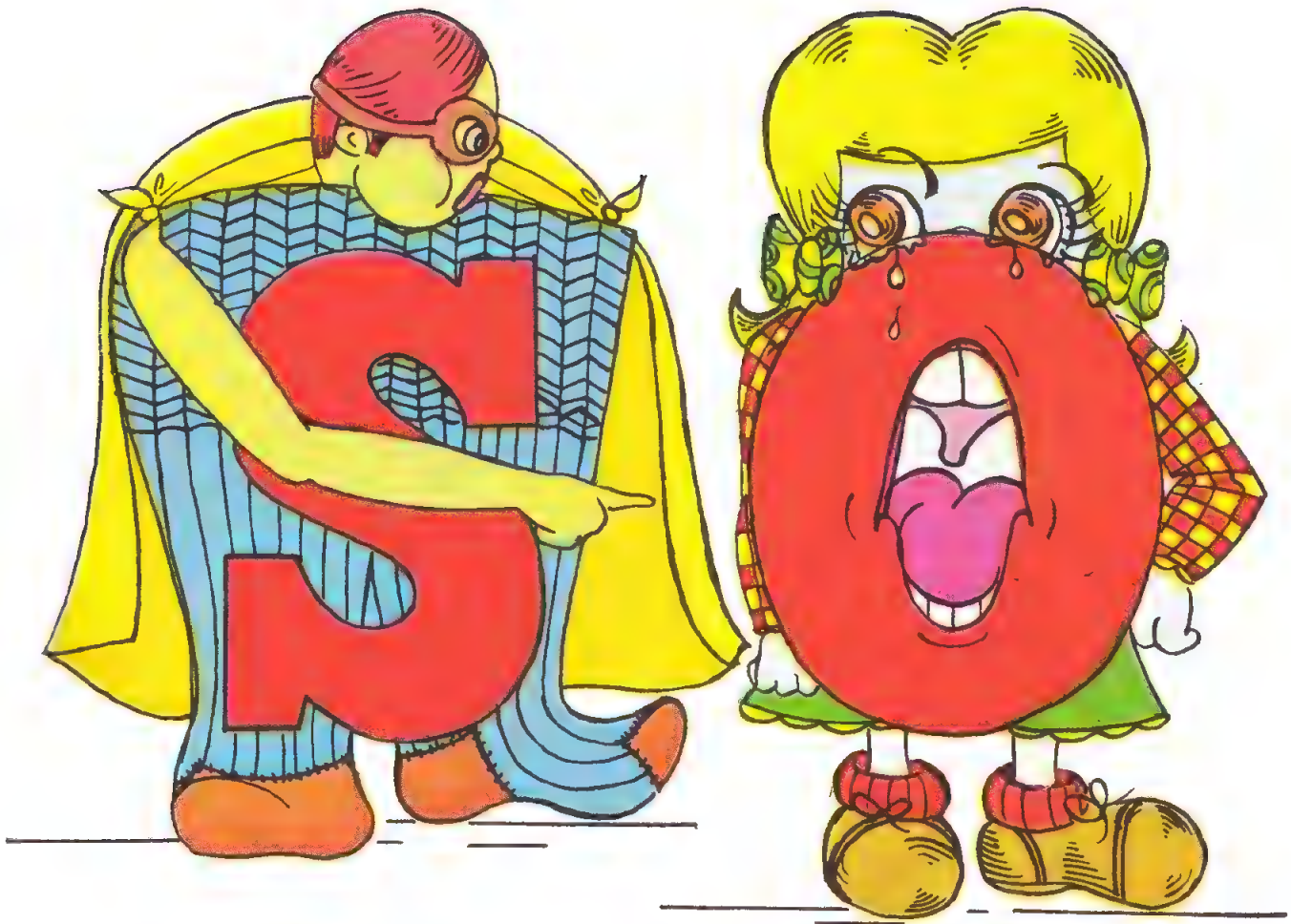
I will not be a jet plane.

I will leave.”

“Please do not leave,” begs Miss O.

“You can be a . . .”

“I must be Miss O,” says Mr. S.



Mr. S says, "Quick! Be a bee, Miss O.
Quick! Be a frog. Quick! Be a tree.
Quick! Be a jet, Miss O.
Do not stop! We can not waste time.
I like the game! The game is fun."

"I do not like the game," cries Miss O.
"It is no fun for me. I will leave."



Is It So? Yes? No?

1. Miss O says, "You must all be a bee."
2. Miss I says, "It is a fine game."
3. Mr. G says, "I must be a tree."
4. Mr. S says, "I will not be a jet plane."
5. Mr. V says, "I must be Miss O."

Stop The Spots!

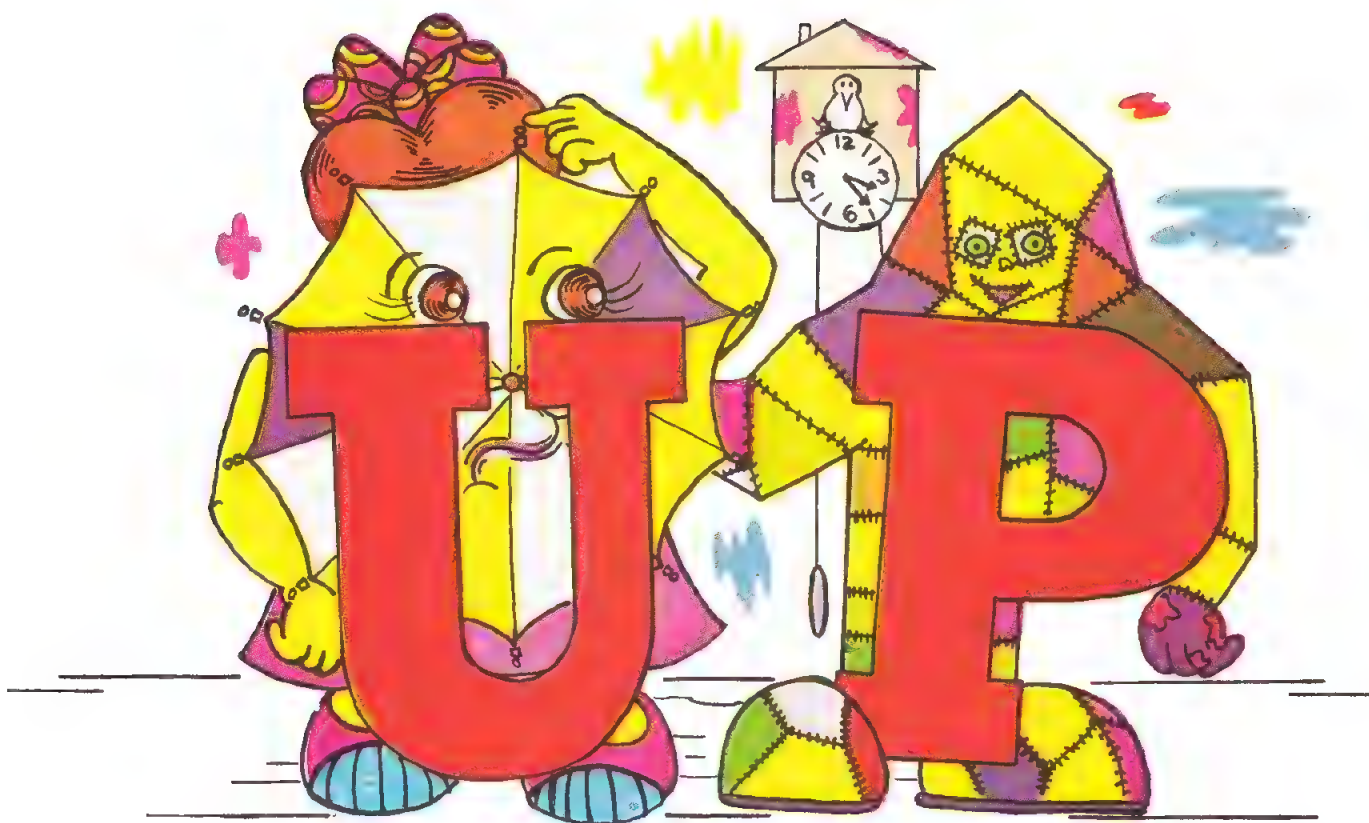


Miss U sent Mr. P a gift.
The gift is a box of paints.

Mr. P sets up his paint stand.
He paints and paints spots.
He paints red spots and black spots.
He paints green spots and pink spots.
He paints big spots and small spots.
All he paints is spots. He will not stop.



Mr. P paints red spots on his hands.
He paints green spots on his nose.
He paints spots on his walls.
He paints pink spots on the clock.
He paints black spots on the glass.



Miss U came to see Mr. P.

Miss U sees red and green spots.

“I see spots on you, Mr. P,” says Miss U.

“I see spots on the wall.

I see spots on the clock.

It is time for me to leave.

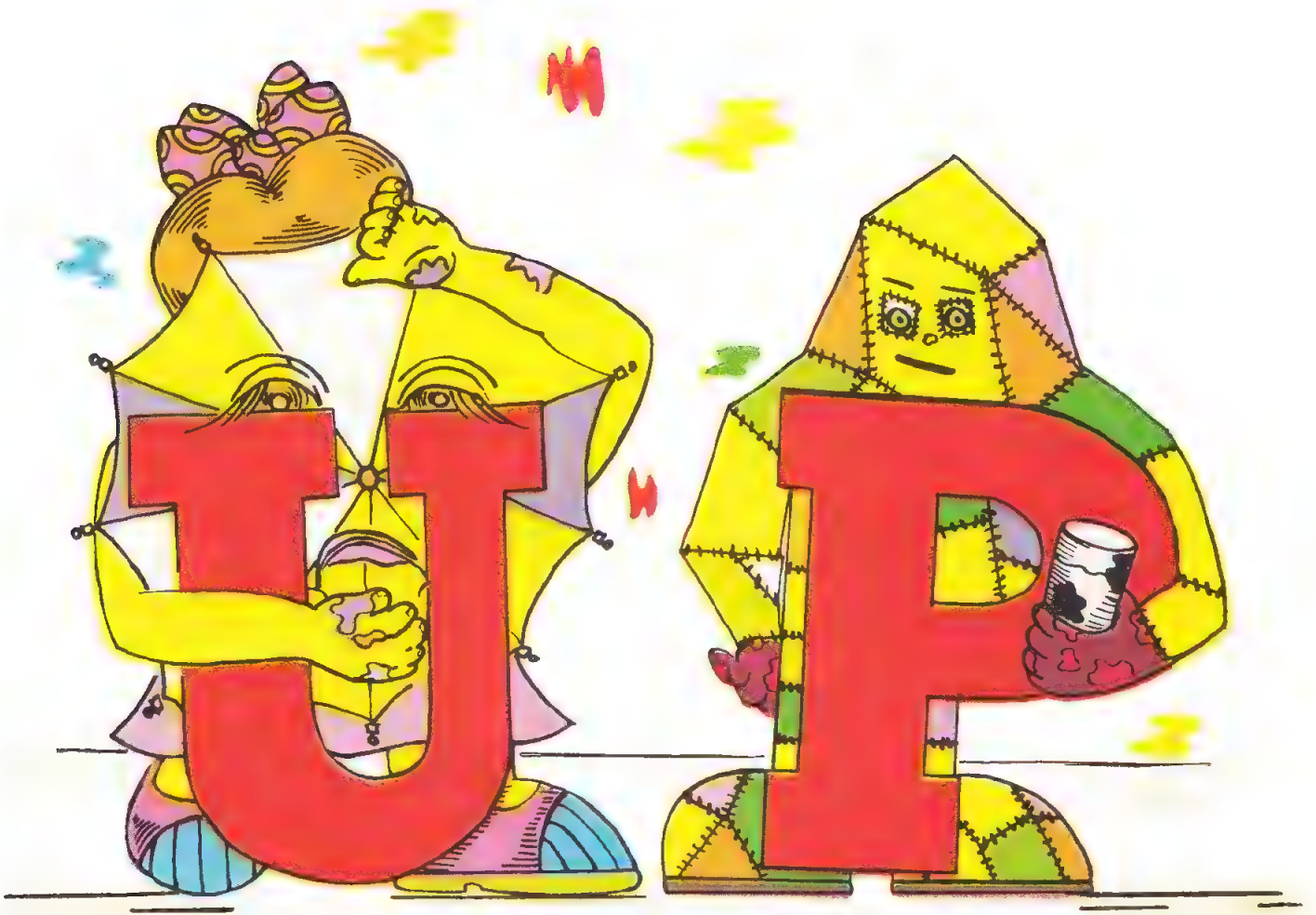
I must be sick.”

“Yes, you must be sick,” says Mr. P.



Mr. P says, "I will get you a drink."
Mr. P goes to get a tall glass of milk.

Miss U sees the paint box.
The paint is still wet.
Miss U has a plan.



Miss U tells Mr. P, “Mr. P, I am sick.
I see spots on the glass.
I feel queer. I am hot.
I have pains. I can not go home.
I will have to rest for at least a week.
You will have to make me well.”

Mr. P says, "You can not be sick.
It is all a joke.
I made all the spots. It is just paint.
You must go home."

Miss U has a smile.
Miss U says, "See my hands.
My hands have spots.
Did you paint spots on my hands?"

"I did not paint spots on you," says Mr. P.
"You must be sick."



Mr. P says, "Let me see the spots."

Mr. P sees spots on Miss U.

Mr. P sees the wet paint box.

Is Miss U sick?

Can it be a joke?

Mr. P has a plan.



Mr. P says, "I will mix a drink for you.
It has a bad taste.
Drink it all. It will make you well."

"Wait!" says Miss U. "It is just a joke.
I made all the spots on my hands.
It is just paint."

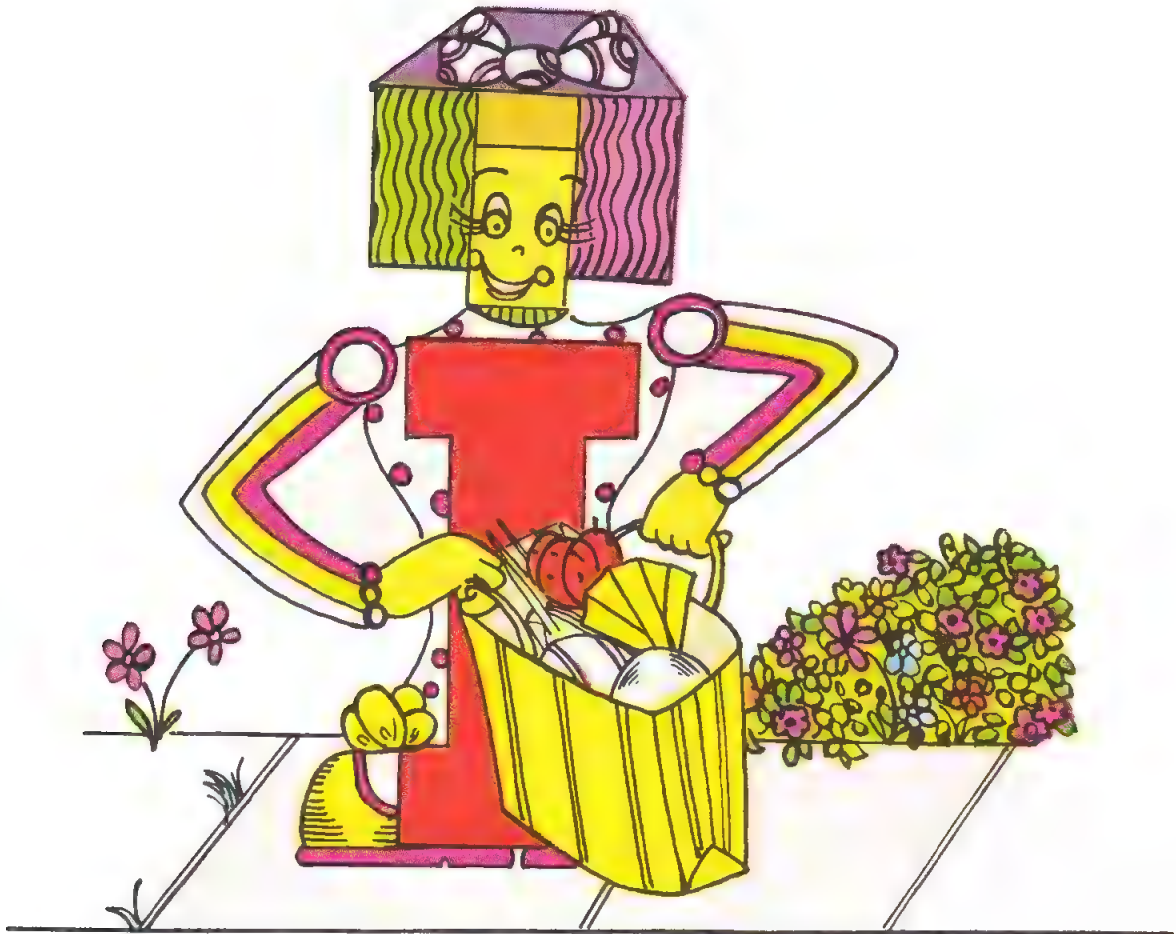
Miss U says, "Let us paint.
I sent a paint box, not a joke box!"



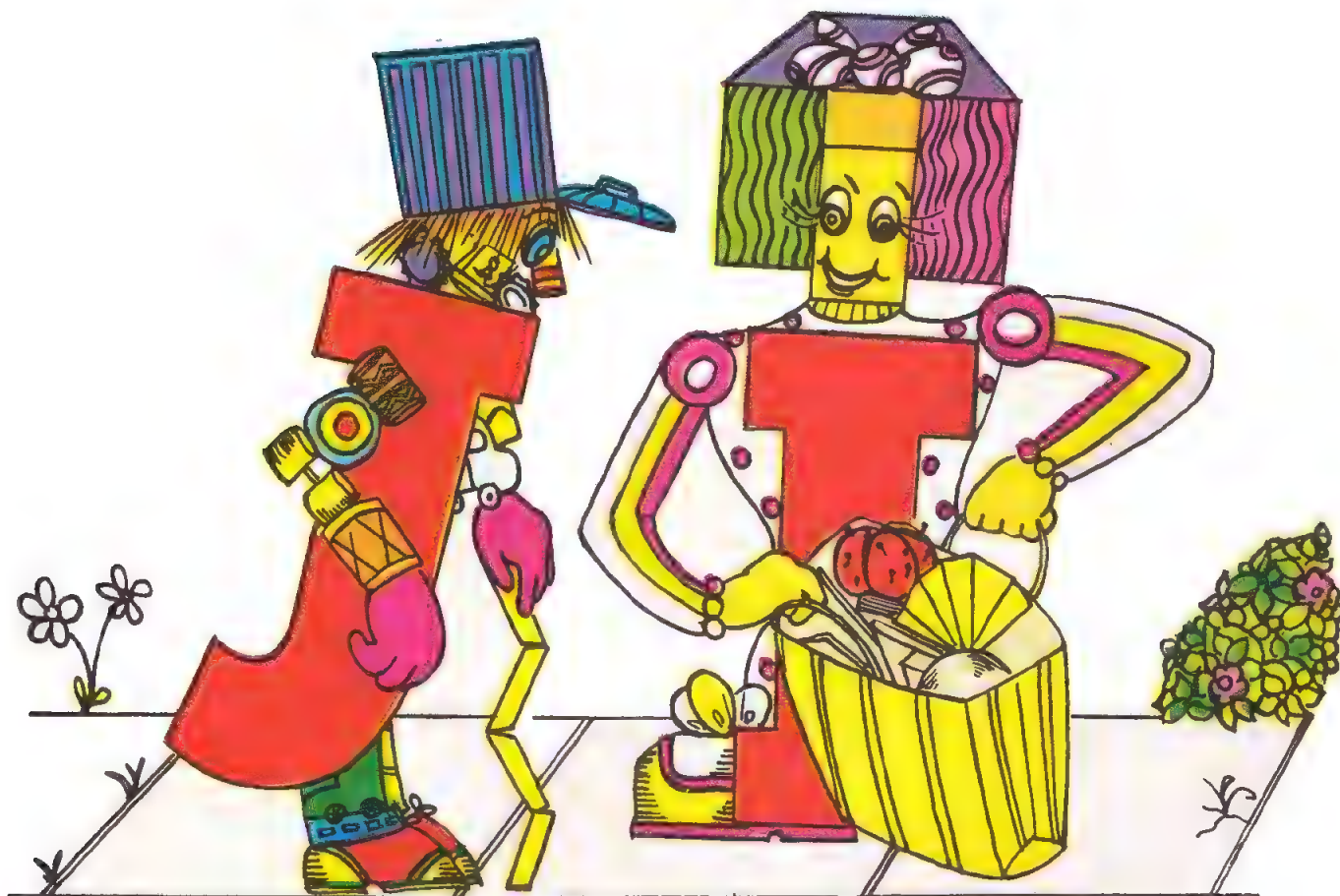
Fill The Blanks

1. Mr. P paints spots on his hands, nose, walls, clock and _____.
2. Miss U says, "I must be sick. I see _____."
3. "You can not be sick," says Mr. P. "It is all a _____."
4. Mr. P has a _____ to make Miss U go home.
5. In the end, Miss U says, "Let us _____."

Just in Case



Miss I has a big bag.
It has an odd name.
“Just in case” is its name.
Miss I fills the bag to the top.



“I have a fan for the heat,” says Miss I.

“It is not hot,” says Mr. J.

Miss I says, “I keep it just in case
it gets hot.”

“I have a hat for the rain,” says Miss I.

“Will it rain?” asks Mr. J.

Miss I says, “I keep it just in case
it rains.”

“I have nuts for a snack,” says Miss I.

“Do you need a snack?” asks Mr. J.

“I do not need a snack,” says Miss I.

“It is for just in case.”

“I have a map if I get lost,” says Miss I.

“Do you get lost all the time?” asks Mr. J.

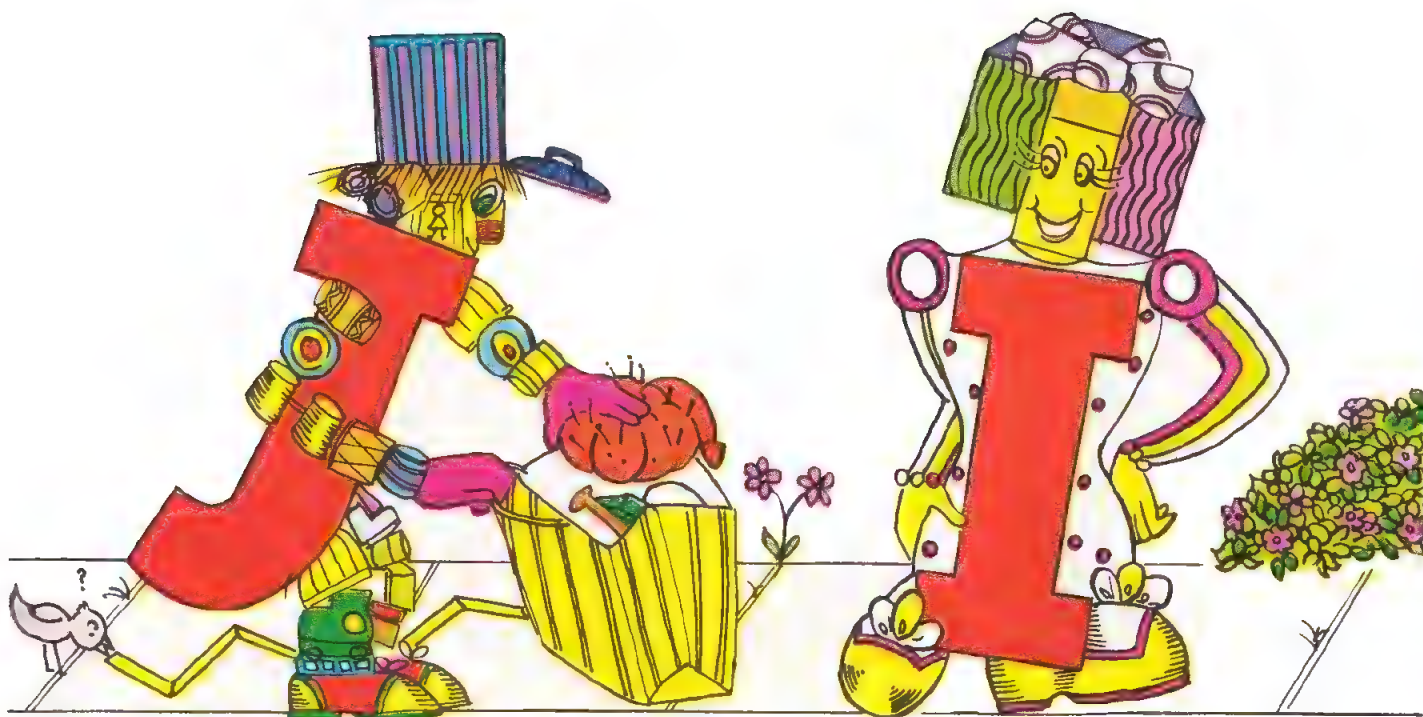
“I do not get lost at all,” says Miss I.

“I keep it for just in case.”

“You have a fan, a hat, nuts and a map.

All for just in case,” says Mr. J.

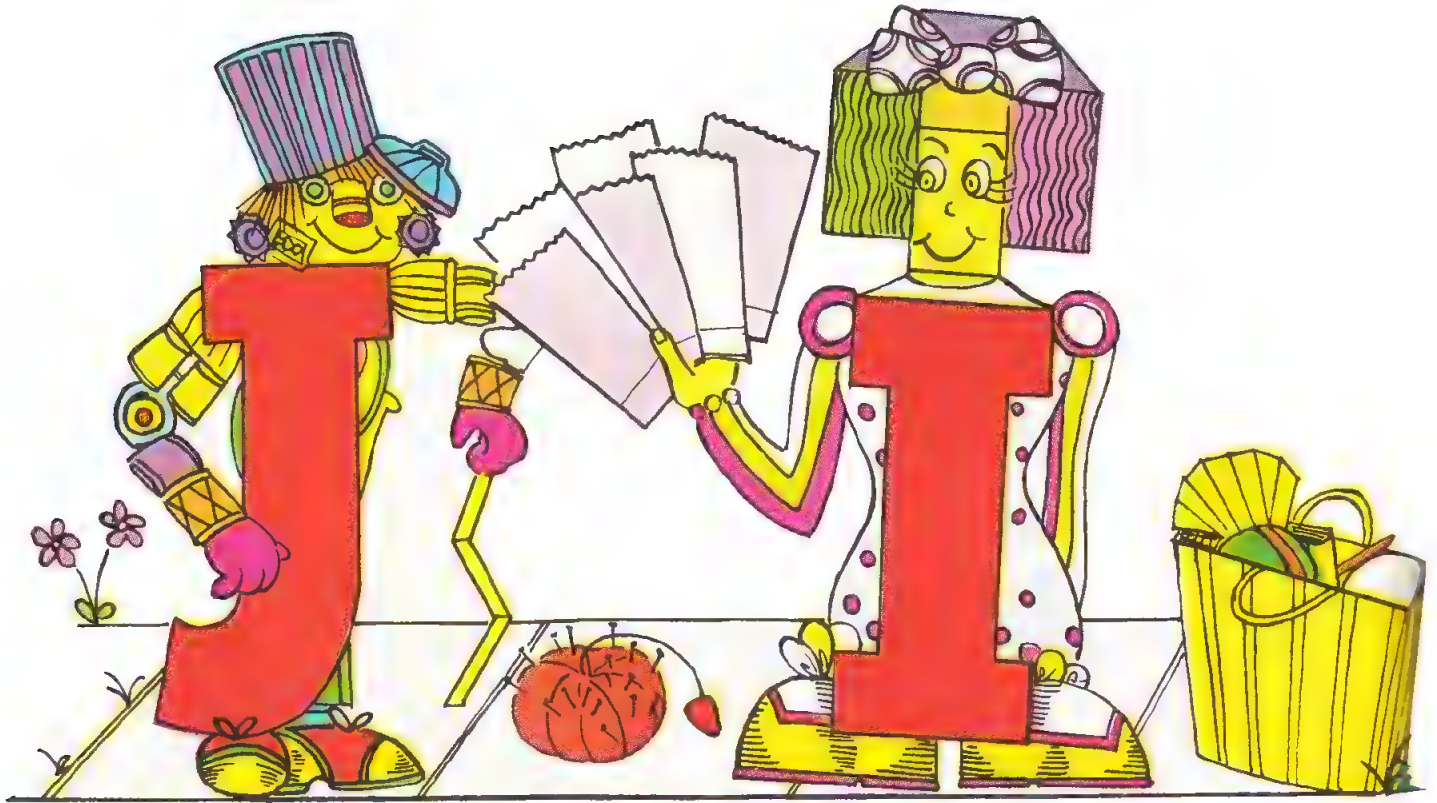
“It is queer to me!”



Miss I says, “I have pins in the bag.
I need pins just in c”

Mr. J says, “Stop!
Let me tell the ‘just in case’!
You have pins just in case
the hem of a dress rips.”

“It is fun to tell a ‘just in case.’
I can tell it!” brags Mr. J.



Miss I gets six small bags from the bag.

“I have six bags,” Miss I says.

Mr. J is sad. He will not smile.

He can not tell a “just in case”
for six small bags. .

“Let me tell it,” grins Miss I.

“I have six small bags just in case
I see junk for you, Mr. J.”

“Just in case,” grins Mr. J.



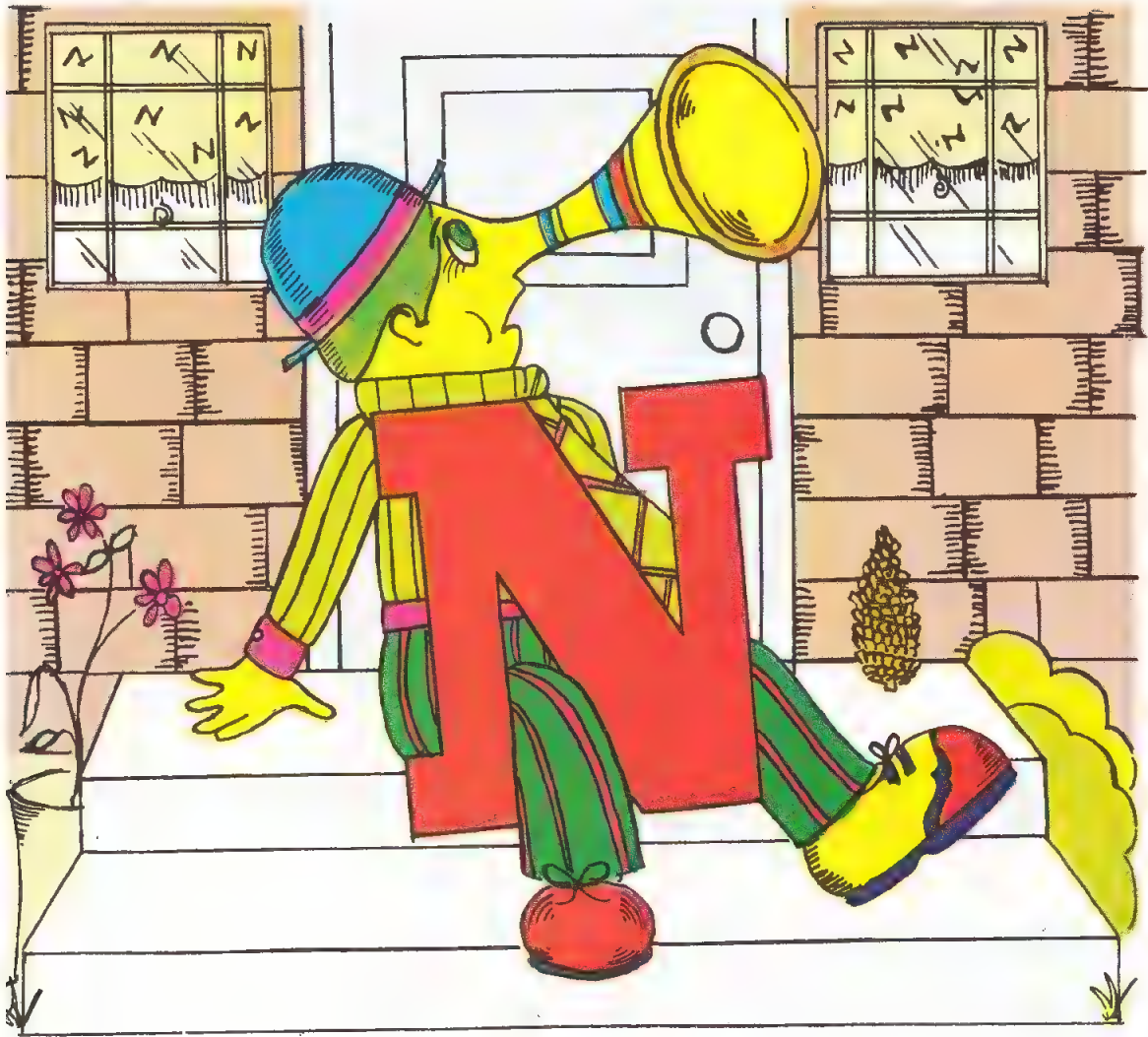
End It

1. Miss I's bag has an odd name.
Its name is _____.
2. It has a fan just in case _____.
3. It has a rain hat just in case _____.
4. It has a map just in case _____.
5. It has six small bags just in case _____.

What Can It Be?



A pine cone falls from a pine tree.
Mr. N bends to pick it up.
He says, "It must not be just a pine cone.
What can I make it be?"



“I will make it a hive for bees.
I will leave it on my steps.
Will a bee be smart and use it?”

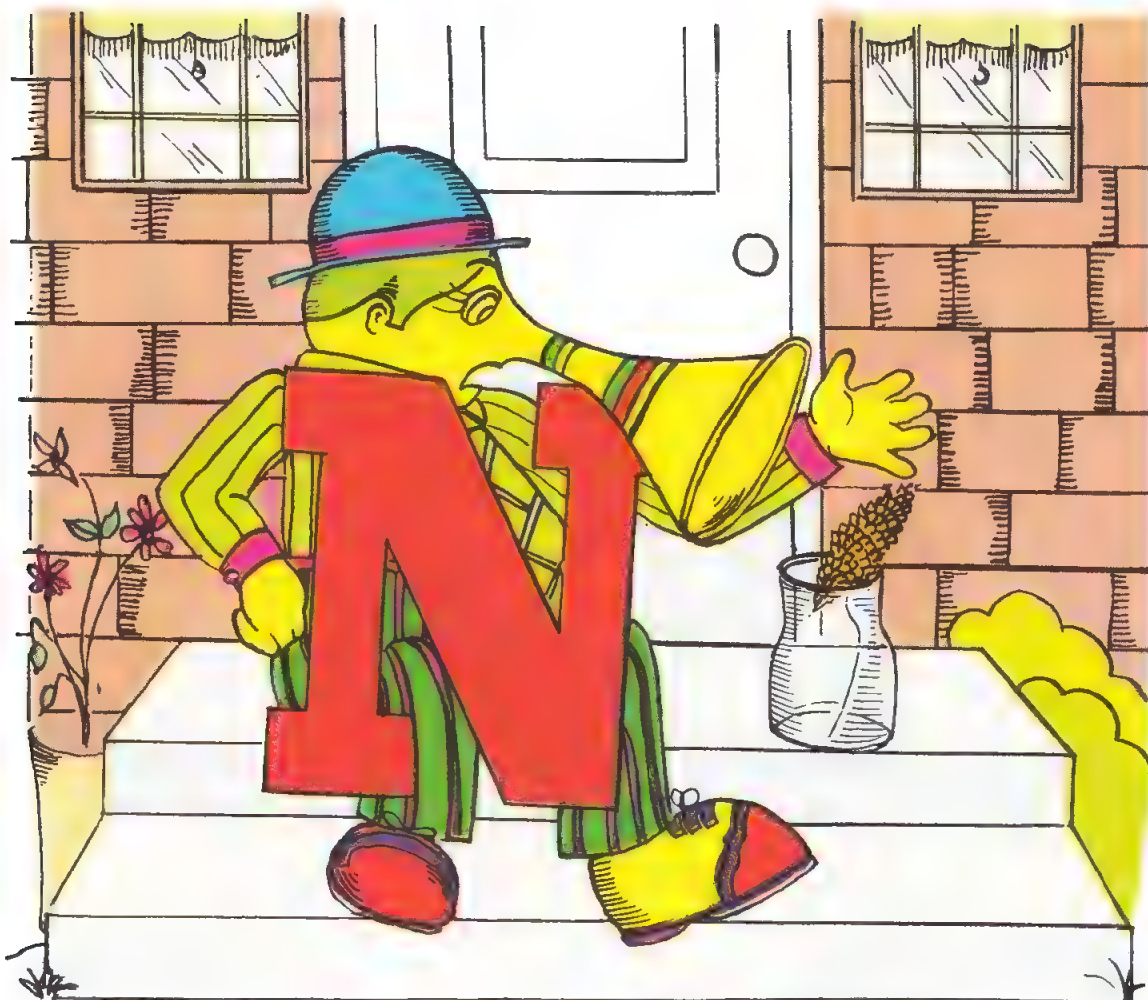
“Not a bee can be seen.
A pine cone can not be a bee hive.
What can I make the pine cone be?”



“The pine cone can be a gift.
I will paint it and make it red.”

“I do not like the smell of paint.
I do like the smell of the pine cone.
The pine cone must keep its fine smell.”

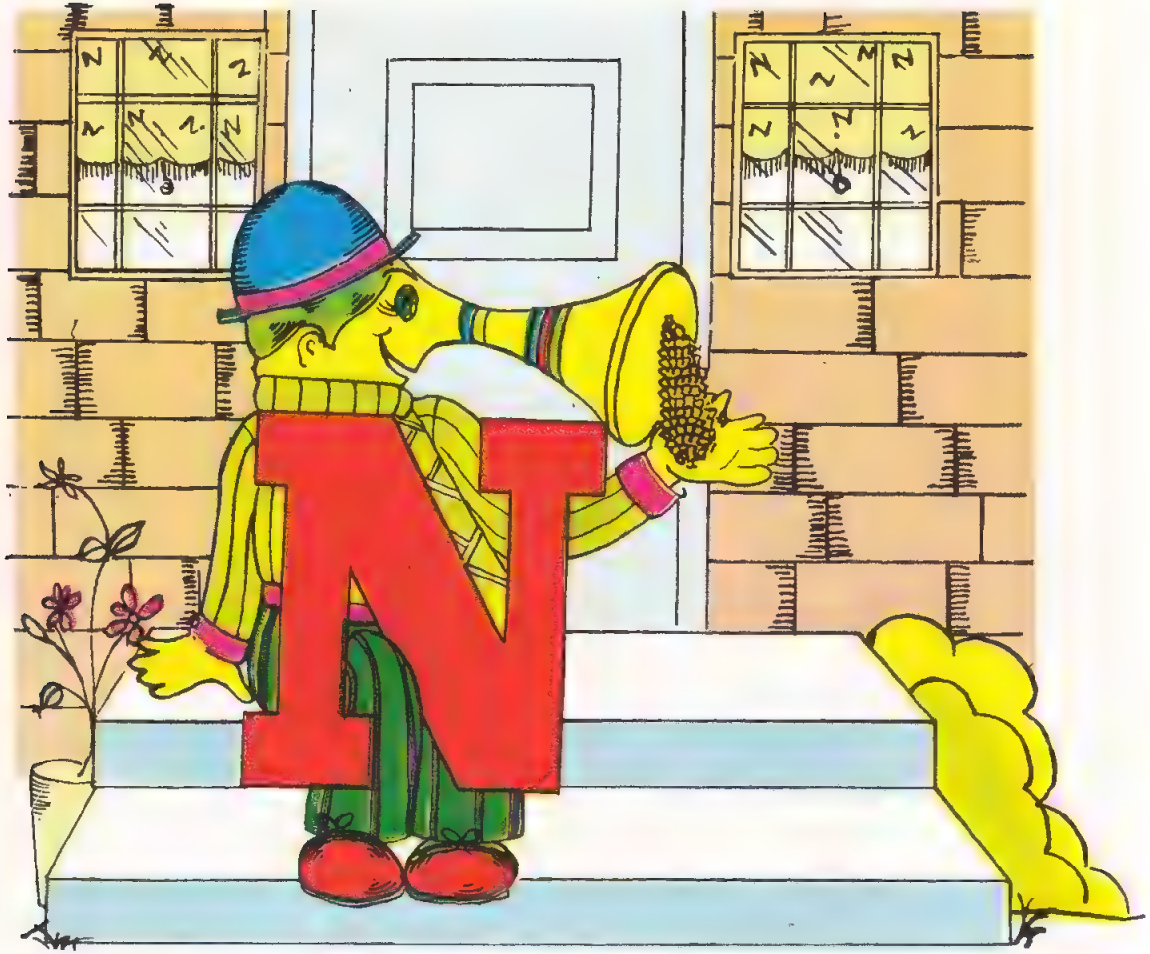
“What can I make the pine cone be?”



“The pine cone can be a cork.
It can close a jar.”

“The jar is wide.
The cone can close just part of it.”

“What can the pine cone be?
I can not let it be just a pine cone.”



“Let me smell the pine cone.
It smells sweet.
It smells fine just as it is.”

“Let me feel the pine cone.
It feels hard.
It feels fine just as it is.”

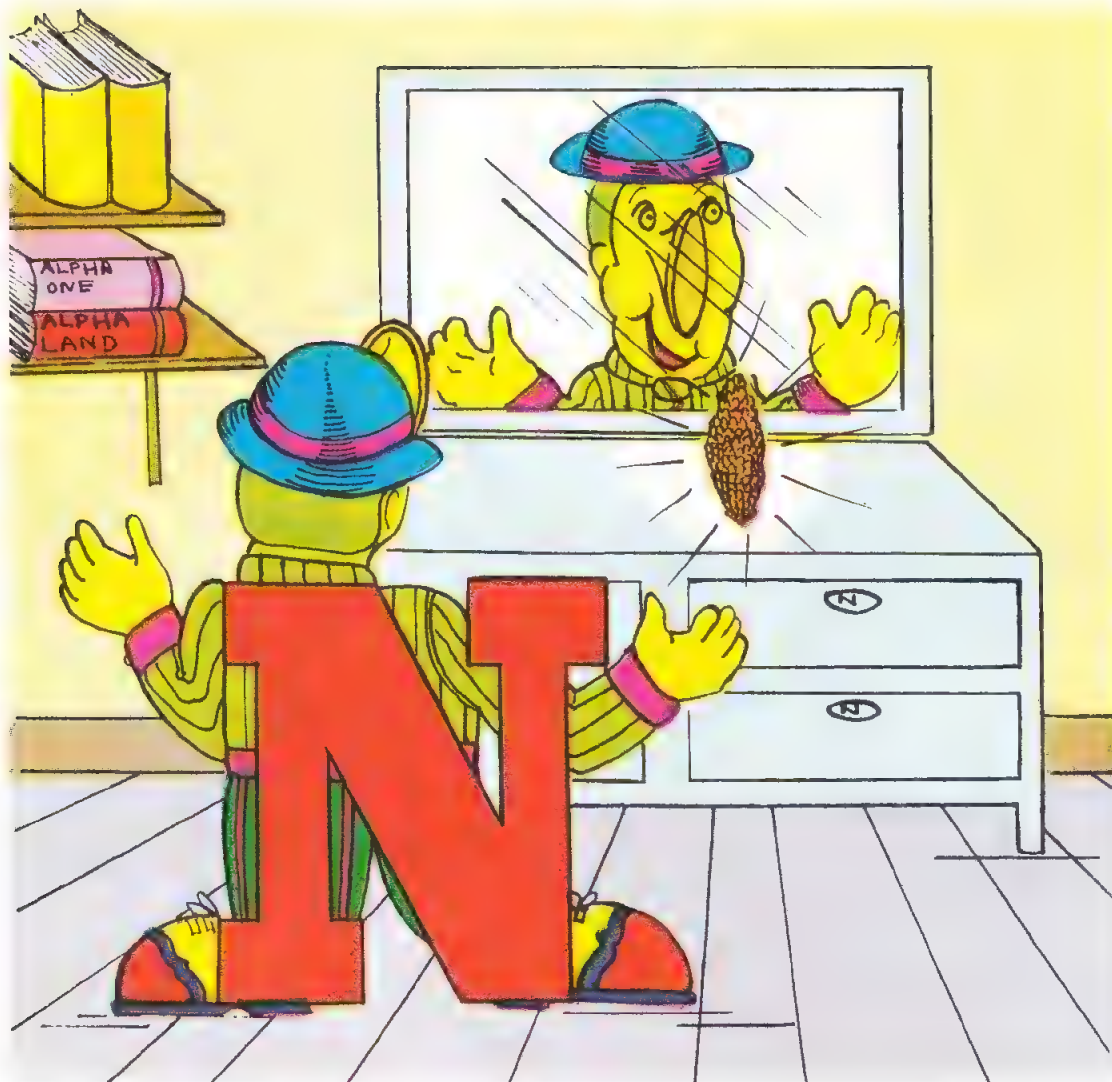
“I can squeeze it and it cracks.
I like to hear it crack.
It is fine just as it is.”



“I have the pine cone in my hand.
What do I see?”

“I see! I see! It has to be what it is.
It must not be a bee hive, gift or cork.
It is a pine cone.”

“I like to feel it.
I like to smell it. I like to see it.
I like to hear it crack.
I like it to be as it is, a pine cone.”



“I can see what I like in the pine cone.
I must see what I like in me!”

“The pine cone is what it is.
I am what I am.”

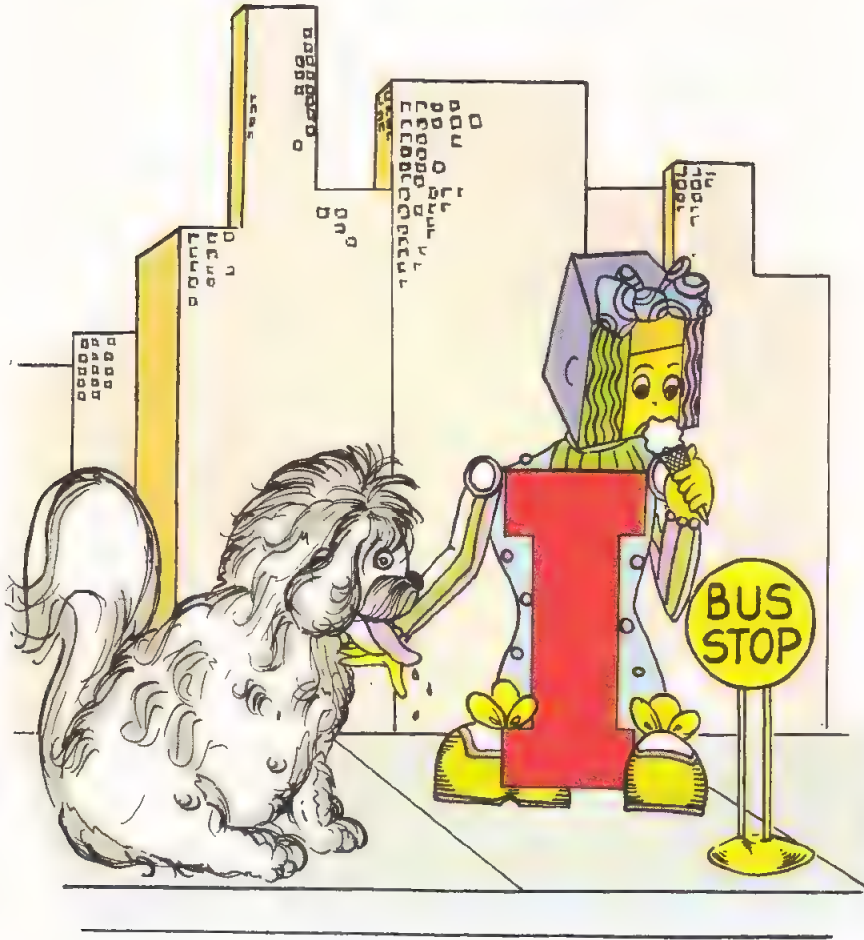
“I do not like my nose.
My nose is just a small part of me.
The big part of me is me . . . all of me!”



Did He?

1. Did Mr. N make a pine cone be a fine hive for bees?
2. Did Mr. N paint a pine cone?
3. Did Mr. N feel a pine cone?
4. Did Mr. N smell a pine cone?
5. Did Mr. N squeeze a pine cone?

What Will Miss I Do?



Miss I is sad. Her cat is lost.

Miss I waits at the bus stop.

Miss I licks her cone.

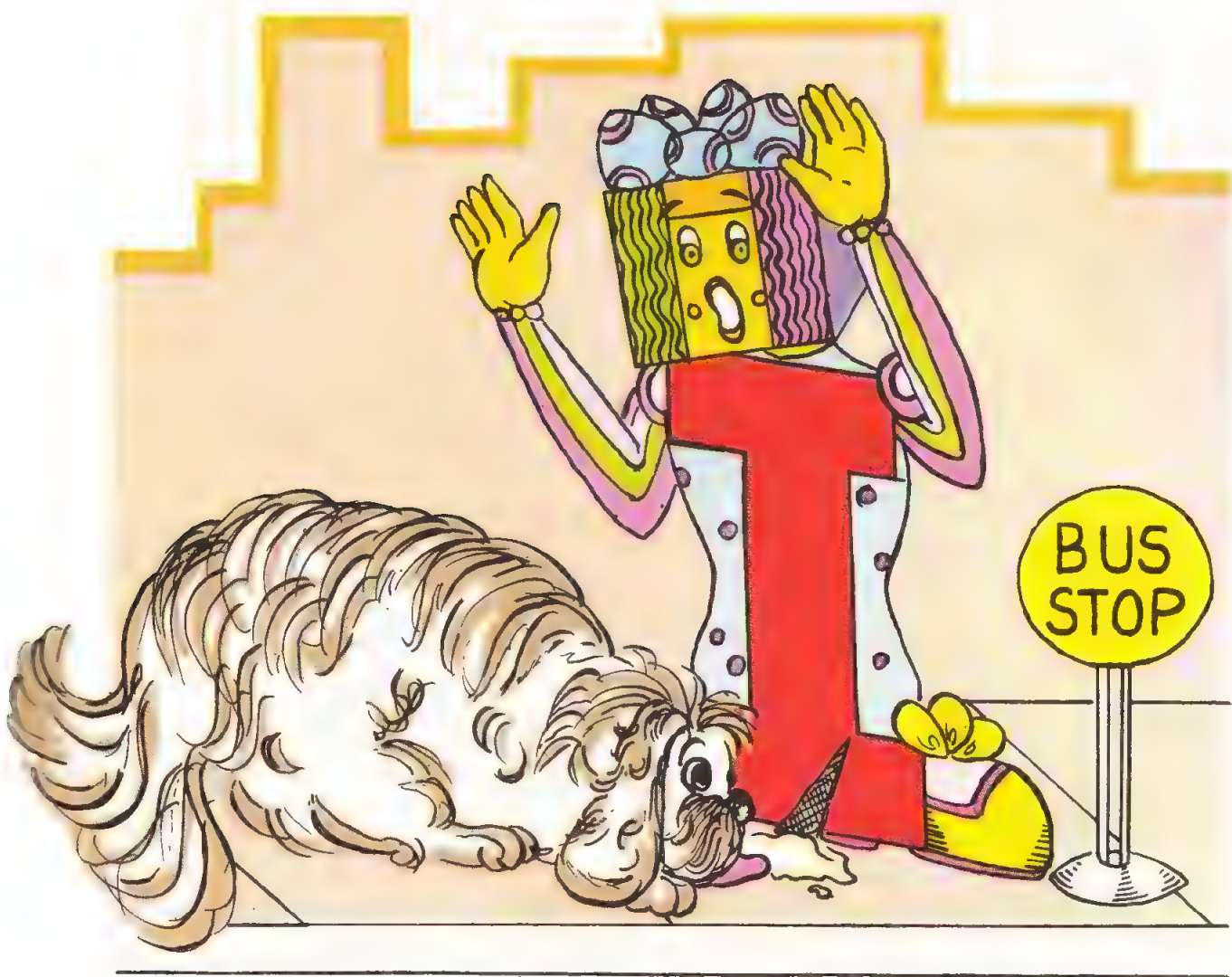
Miss I feels a lick on her hand.

Can it be the lost cat?

It is not the cat. It is a big dog.

He is as big as Miss I.

His name is Big Dog.



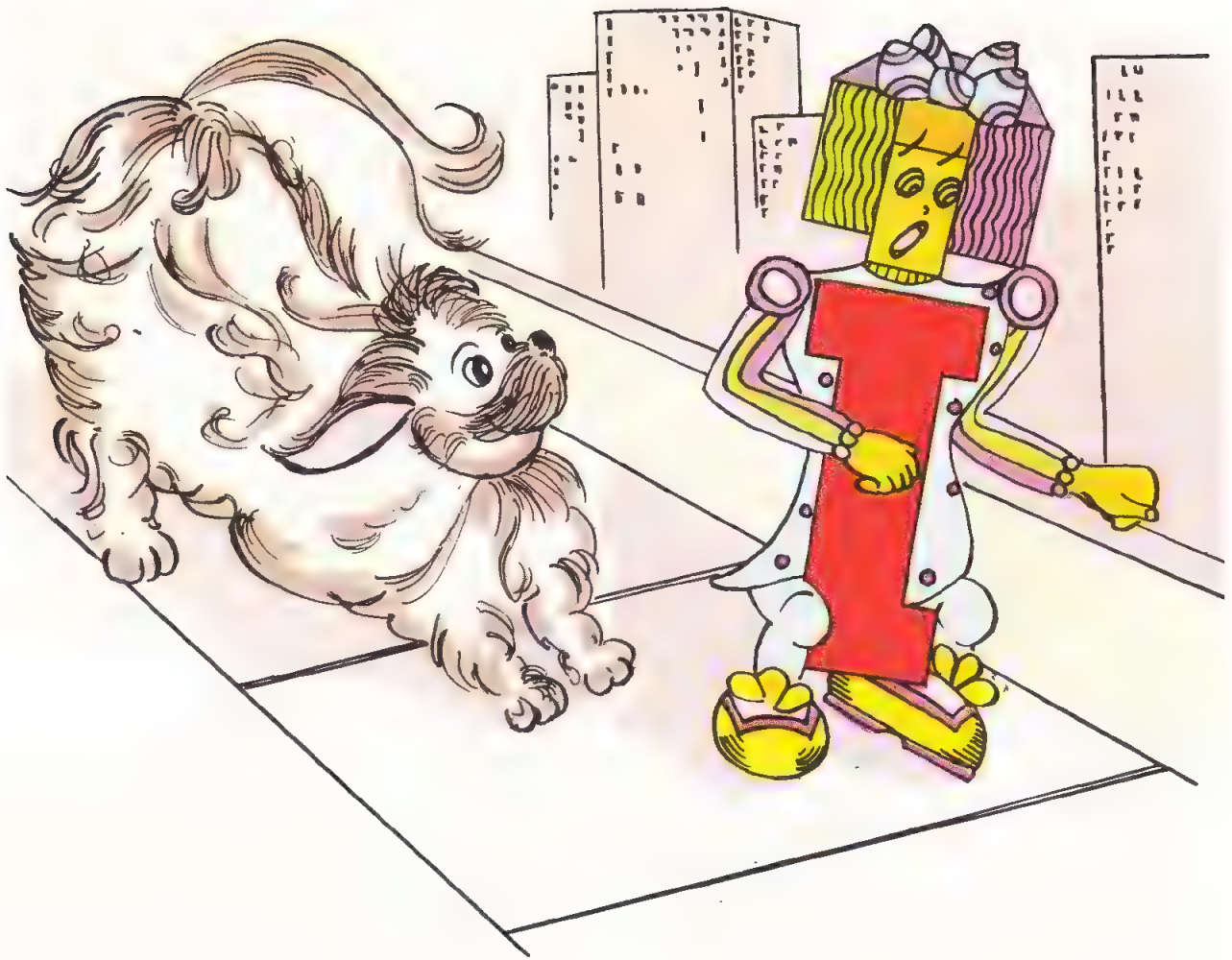
Big Dog barks, snorts and wags his tail.

Miss I drops her cone.

Big Dog eats it in one gulp.

Miss I stands as still as can be.

It is hard for Miss I to stand so still.



Will Big Dog leave?

Miss I waits and waits.

Big Dog sees a dog on the next street.

He starts to run to the dog.

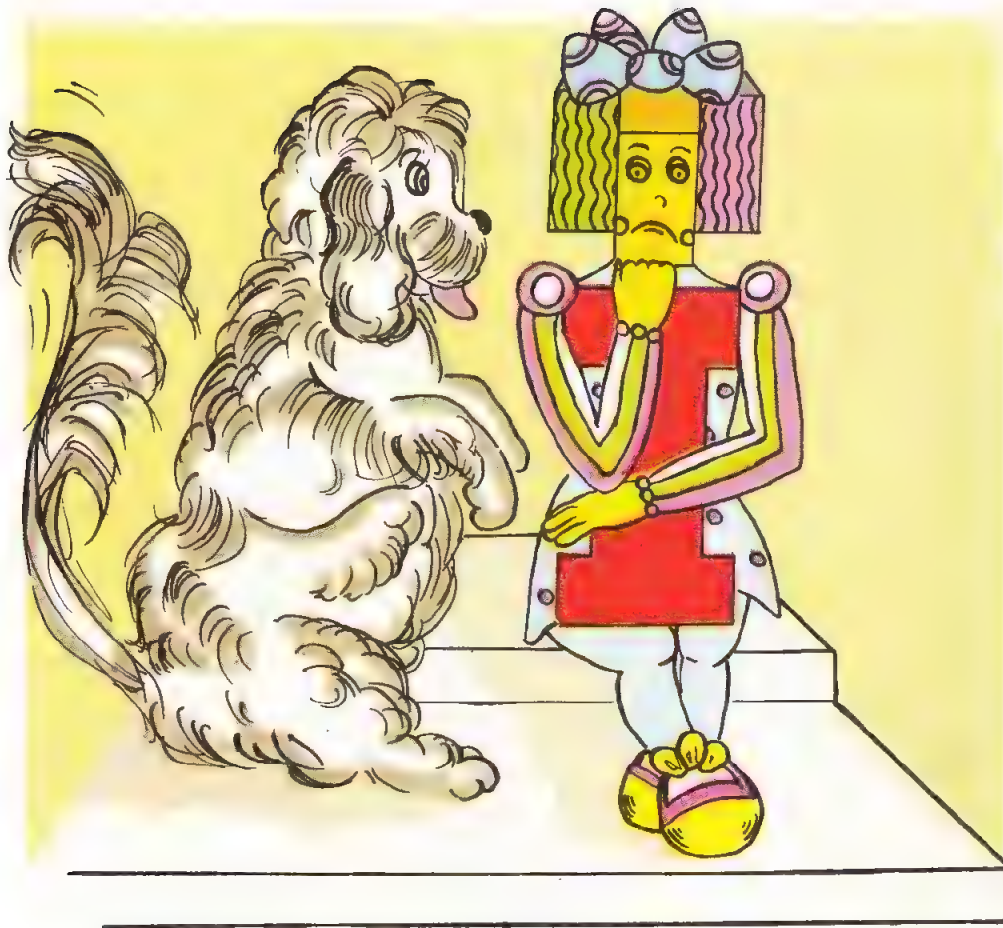
Miss I starts to run from Big Dog.

Big Dog stops. He sees her run.

Miss I runs. Big Dog runs to her.

Miss I huffs and puffs.

At last Miss I must stop.



Miss I sits on the steps to rest.
Big Dog sits on the steps to rest.
Miss I stands up. Big Dog stands up.
He licks her hand. He goes slurp, slurp.

He wags and wags his big tail.
His tail hits Miss I on her leg.
It hurts. Miss I cries.
Big Dog is sad.
He did not mean to hurt her.

Big Dog licks the hurt leg.
He wags and wags his big tail.
Miss I grins at Big Dog.
Miss I pats him.
A squeeze and hug make Big Dog glad.
Miss I and Big Dog sit for a long time.





It is time to go home.
It is late. It will get dark.
Miss I tells Big Dog to go home.

Big Dog will not go.
He has no tag on him.
He must be lost just like the cat.



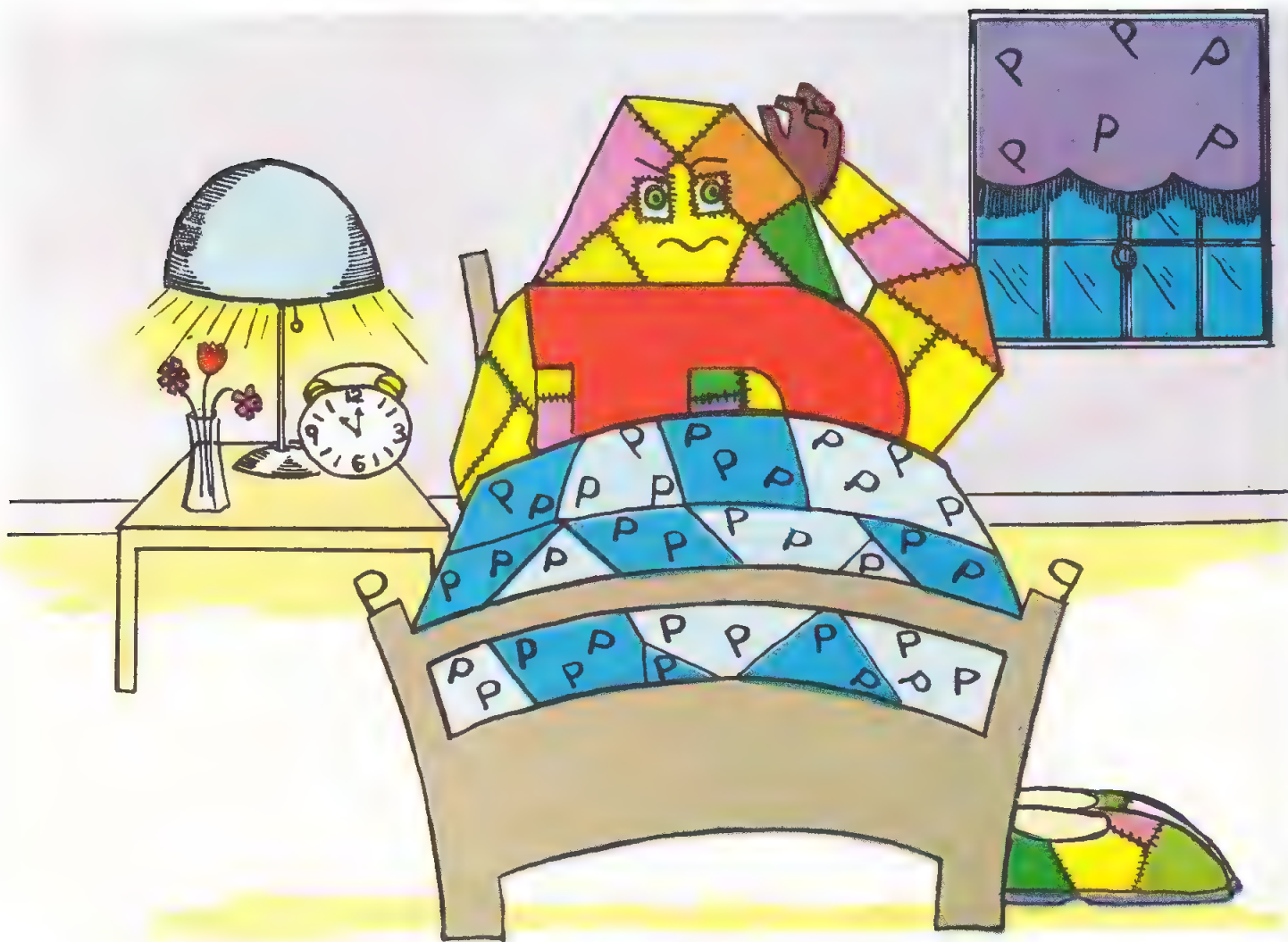
Miss I's cat is lost.
Miss I has no pet.
Will Miss I keep Big Dog?



What Came First?

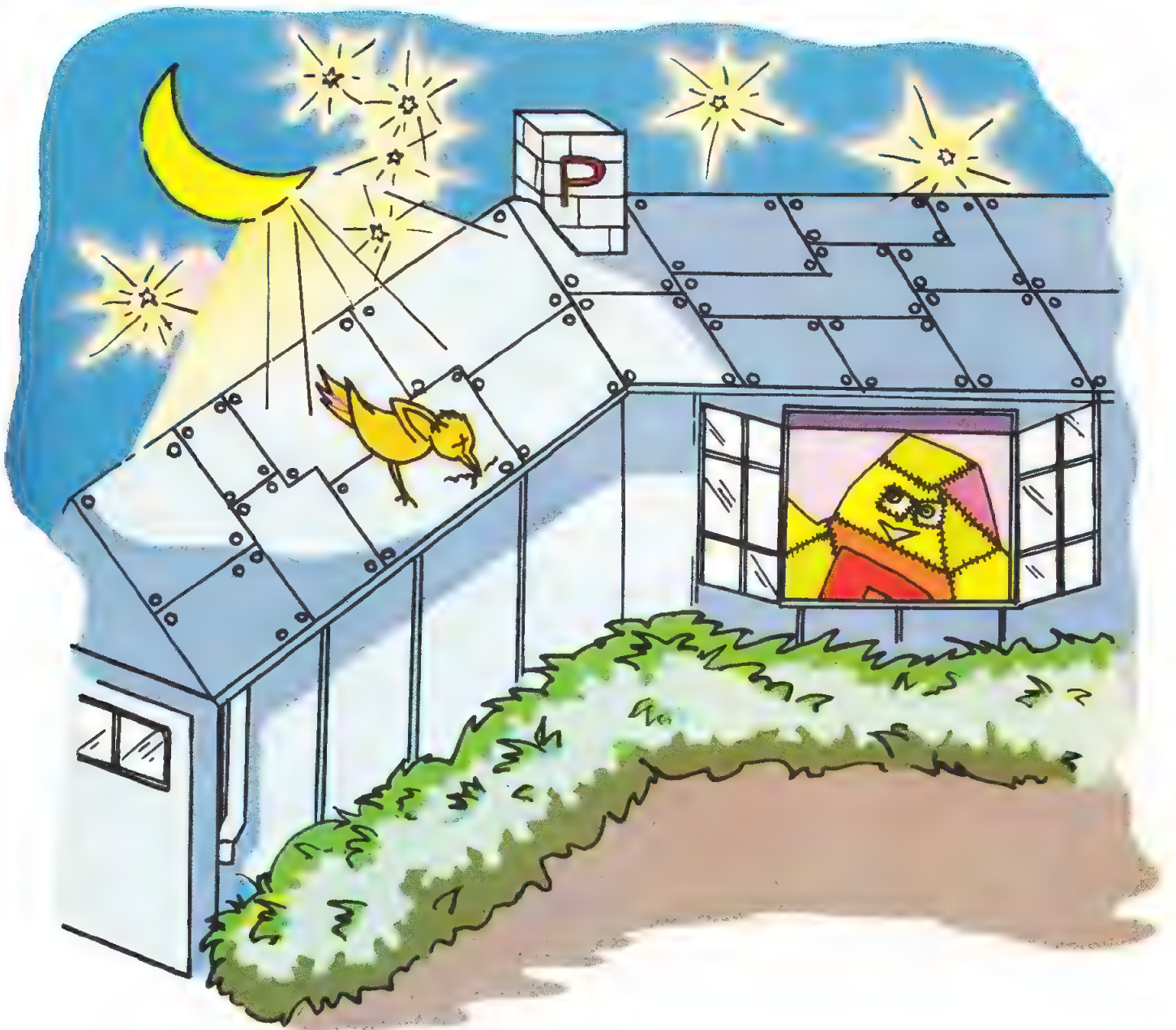
1. (a) Miss I licks her cone.
(b) Miss I feels a lick on her hand.
2. (a) Miss I drops her cone.
(b) Big Dog barks, snorts and wags his tail.
3. (a) Miss I starts to run from Big Dog.
(b) Big Dog sees a dog on the next street.
4. (a) Miss I sits on the steps to rest.
(b) Big Dog sits on the steps to rest.
5. (a) Miss I tells Big Dog to go home.
(b) Big Dog will not go.

Rat-A-Tat-Tat



Mr. P can not sleep.
He hears the tick-tock of the clock.
The tick-tock did not wake him.
He hears the beep-beep of a horn.
The beep-beep did not wake him.

Mr. P hears rat-a-tat-tat.
Rat-a-tat-tat woke him.
What can it be?



Mr. P leaps to his feet.
He hears rat-a-tat-tat on his tin roof.
What drums so hard?

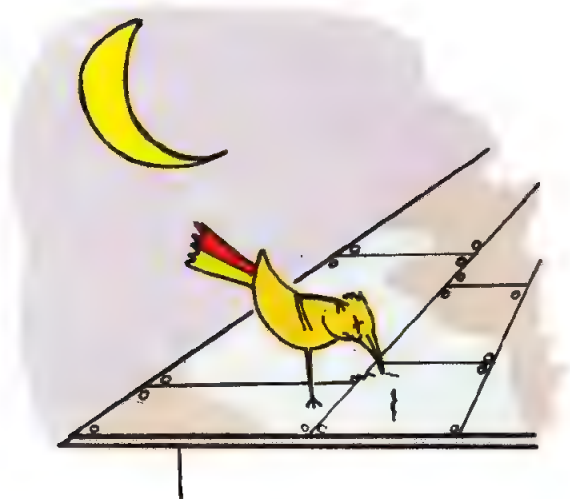
He goes to see what is on the roof.
It is dark, but Mr. P can see a queer bird.
It has a long bill and big feet.
Its bill is drilling on the roof.

Mr. P yells, “Bird, bird, stop!
I can not sleep!”

The bird just drums and drums.
Mr. P calls the bird Drum Drum.

He yells, “Drum Drum, drill on the tree!
You must not drill on my tin roof!”
Drum Drum hears Mr. P and is still.

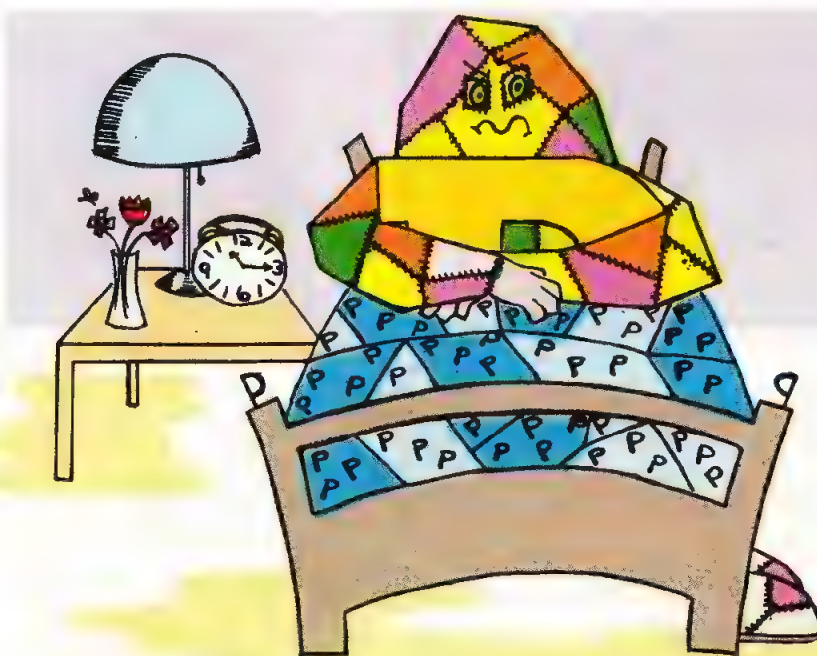
Mr. P goes back to his bed.
At last he can sleep.

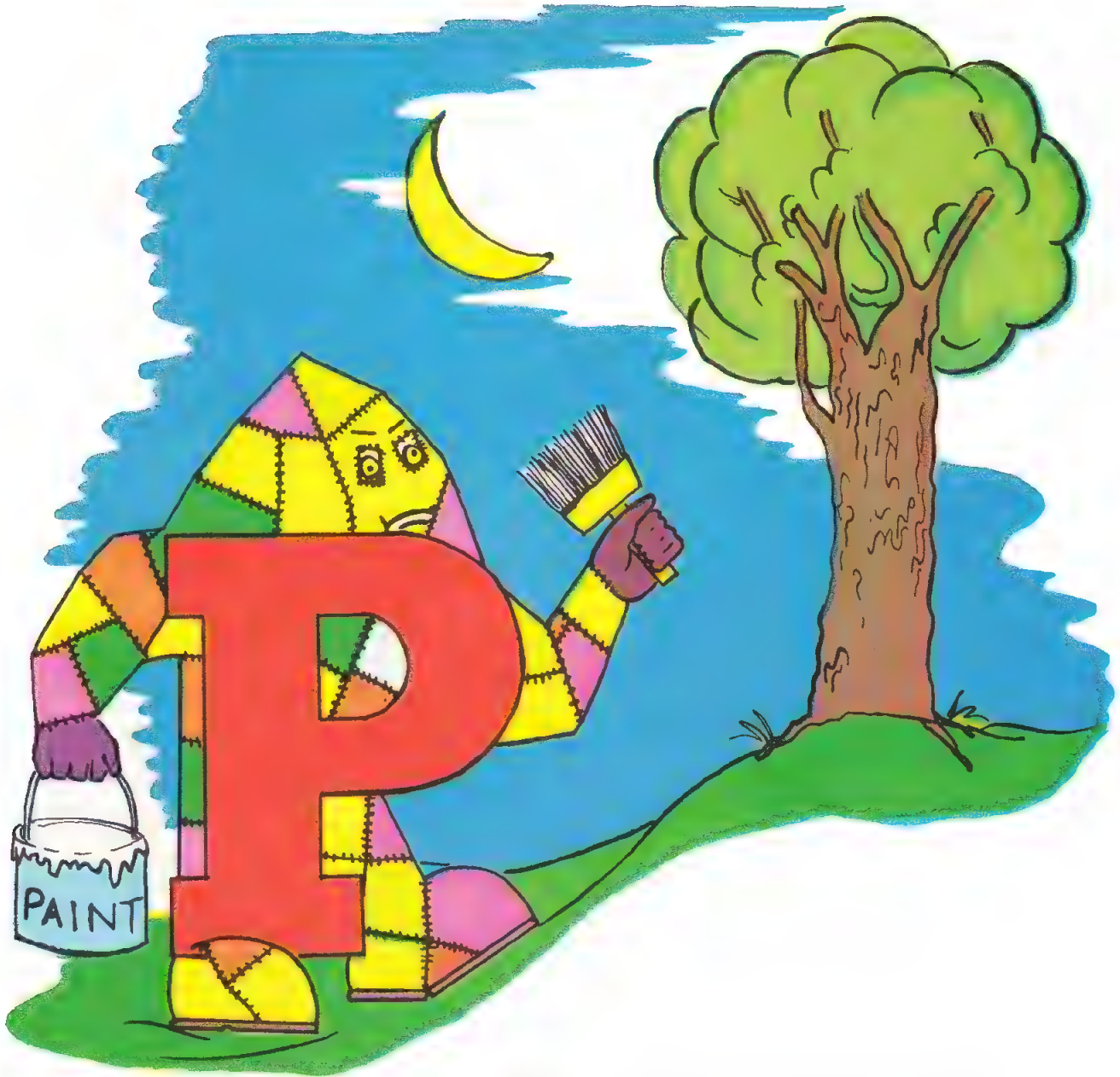


Drum Drum can not see the tree.
Drum Drum starts to drill on the roof.

Mr. P hears the buzz of a bee.
He hears the clang of a bell.
He hears rat-a-tat-tat.
He jumps up.

The clang and the buzz did not wake him.
He yells, "Drum Drum, you woke me!"





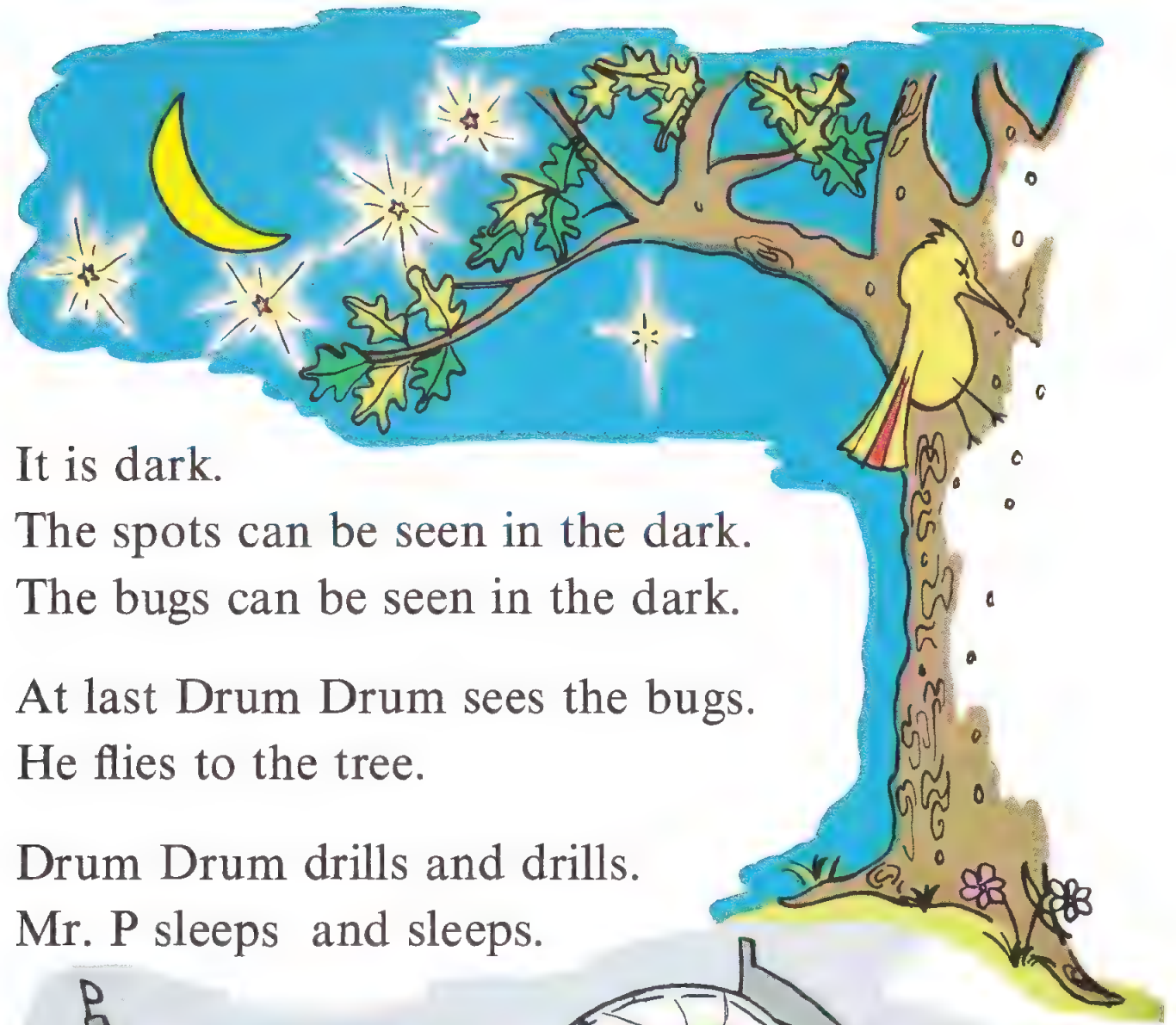
Mr. P calls to Drum Drum, “Go to the tree!
Drill on the tree!
You will not get bugs on my tin roof!”

Drum Drum just drills and drills.

Mr. P has a plan.
He will get Drum Drum to the tree.
He gets a can of paint.



Mr. P paints the best spots.
He paints spots on the tree.
He paints spots on the bugs.
The paint drops and plops.



It is dark.

The spots can be seen in the dark.

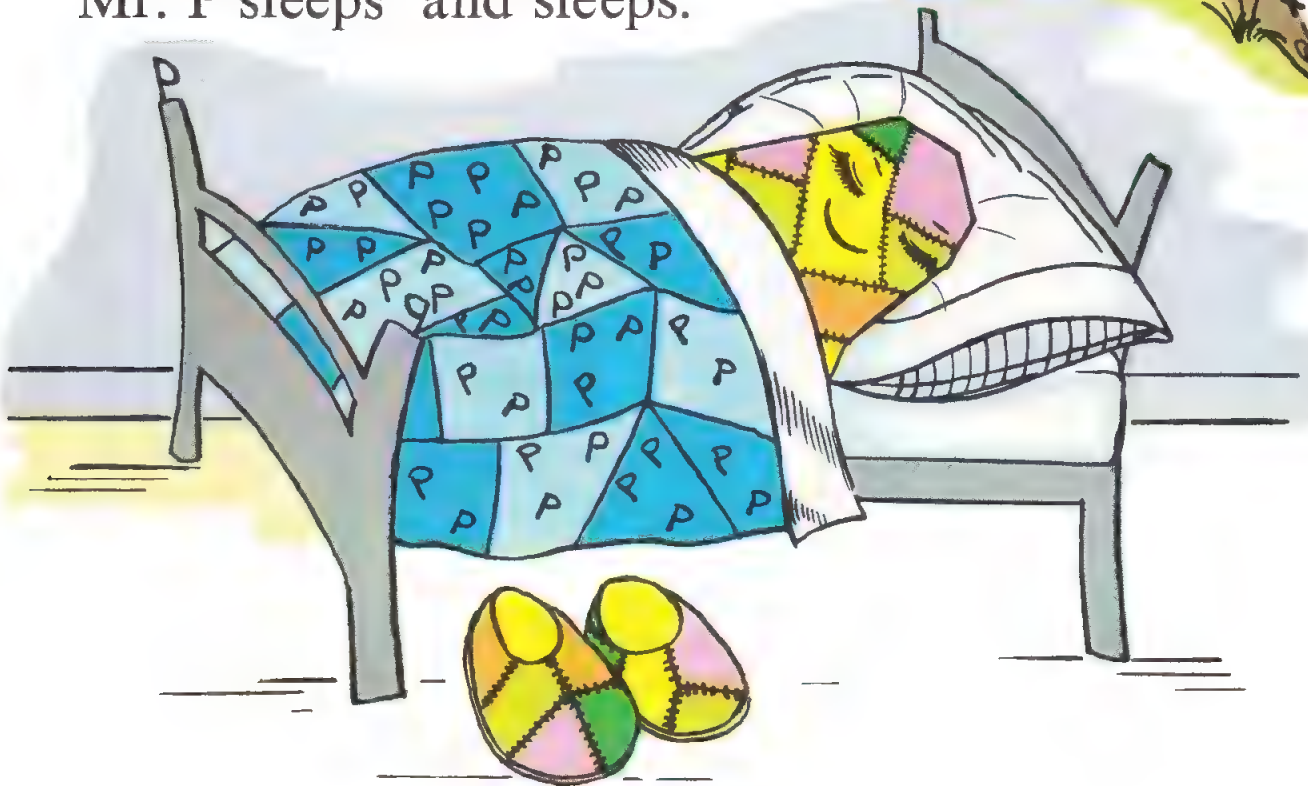
The bugs can be seen in the dark.

At last Drum Drum sees the bugs.

He flies to the tree.

Drum Drum drills and drills.

Mr. P sleeps and sleeps.

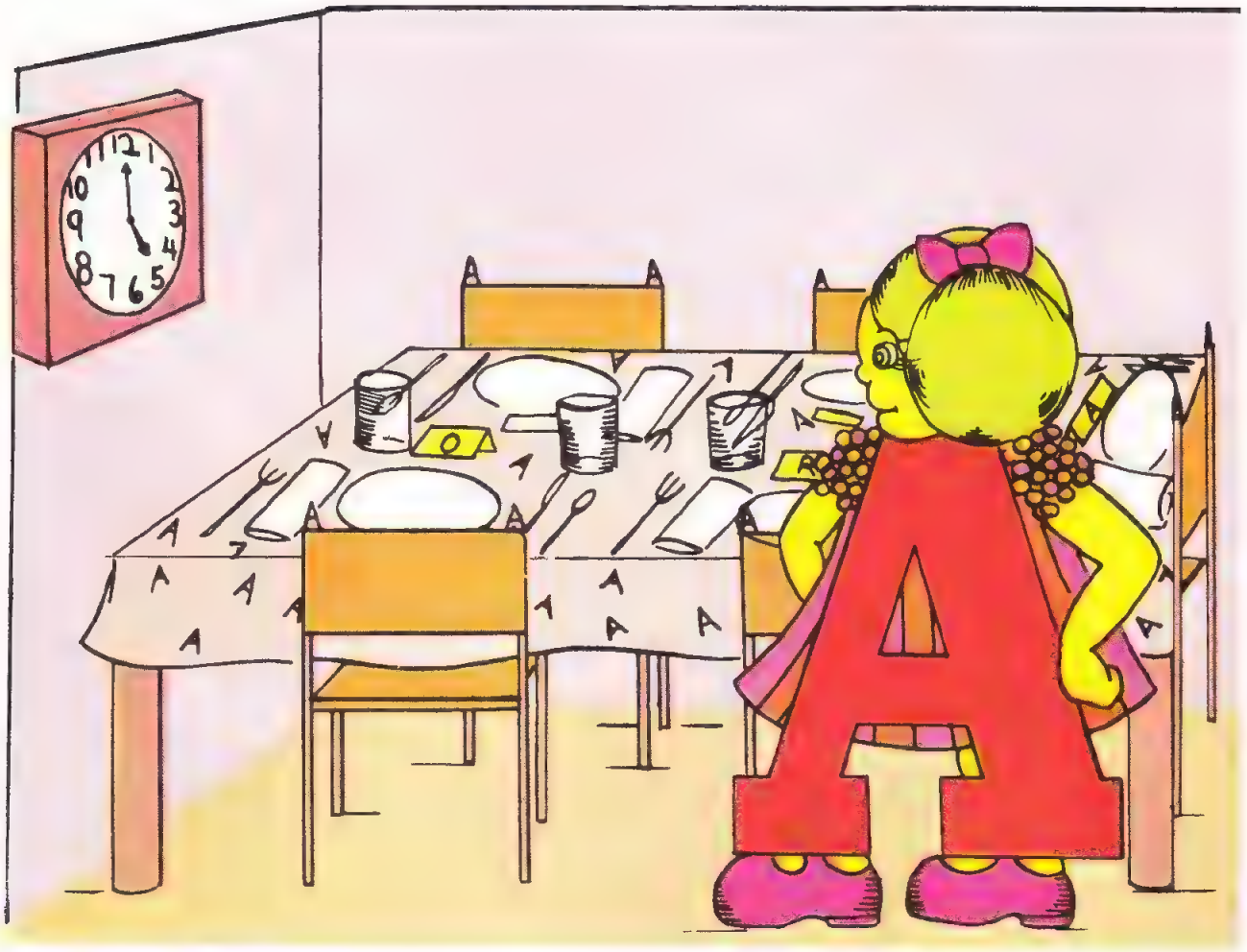




Is It So? Yes? No?

1. (a) Mr. P sleeps.
(b) A bird sleeps.
2. (a) A drum gets Mr. P up.
(b) A bird gets Mr. P up.
3. (a) The bird taps his feet on the roof.
(b) The bird drills on the roof.
4. (a) Mr. P paints his roof.
(b) Mr. P paints spots on the tree.
5. (a) Drum Drum drills for bugs.
(b) Mr. P drills for bugs.

Miss A Will Serve A Meal



Miss A will serve a meal.

Miss A sets name cards for five.

Miss A sees the clock.

“They are all late.

The roast will burn,” says Miss A.

Miss A waits and waits.

Miss A naps and has a dream.



At last they are here!

Mr. C and Mr. M run in and bump Miss A.

They do not stop to greet her.

“I do not like my seat!” says Mr. R.

“I will not sit near Miss O!”

“I will not sit near him!” says Miss O.

“Sit still and have a bun,” begs Miss A.

“Buns need jam!” yells Mr. C.

“I will run for a jar of jam,” says Miss A.

“Be quick!” yells Mr. C.



Miss A gets the jam.

Mr. C has a taste of it.

“I do not like the taste!” he screams.



Miss O stands up on her seat.

“I got jam on my hands,” says Miss O.

“I will wipe my hands on my dress.”

“Get more for us to eat!” yells Mr. C.

“I have no time to waste!”

“I need a drink. My glass is not clean!

I can wipe it on my sleeve!” snaps Miss O.



“Here is a plate of roast beef, green peas and corn,” beams Miss A.

“The roast beef is not rare!” says Mr. R.
“I must have rare meat!”

“I do not eat corn!” snaps Miss O.
“Take the corn off! No corn on my plate!”

“Please leave it on the plate,” begs Miss A.

Mr. M says, “Get me tea!
I must have my tea!”

Miss A runs to get him tea.

Mr. C screams for more corn.
Miss A gets the corn for him.

Miss A can not sit and eat at all.
Miss A just runs and runs.
All the rest just eat and eat.



Miss A made sweet cake and pie.

“I like cake from a store,” says Miss O.

“I do not care for cake you bake.”

“You do not have to eat it,” says Miss A.

“Well, I will taste it,” says Miss O.

“I will taste the pie.

I will taste all the cake.

Give me a big taste! Fill my plate!”



“Here is a fork for you,” says Miss A.

“I do not need a fork!” says Miss O.

“I will use my hands.”

“I need to drink my tea!” snaps Miss O.

“I can not eat just plain cake!

Give me a cup of tea!”



“I will have tea and cake!” yells Mr. C.

“I must get the tea first!” cries Mr. R.

“Wait!” says Miss A.

“We will pass the tea to you.”

“I have no time to waste!” calls Mr. C.

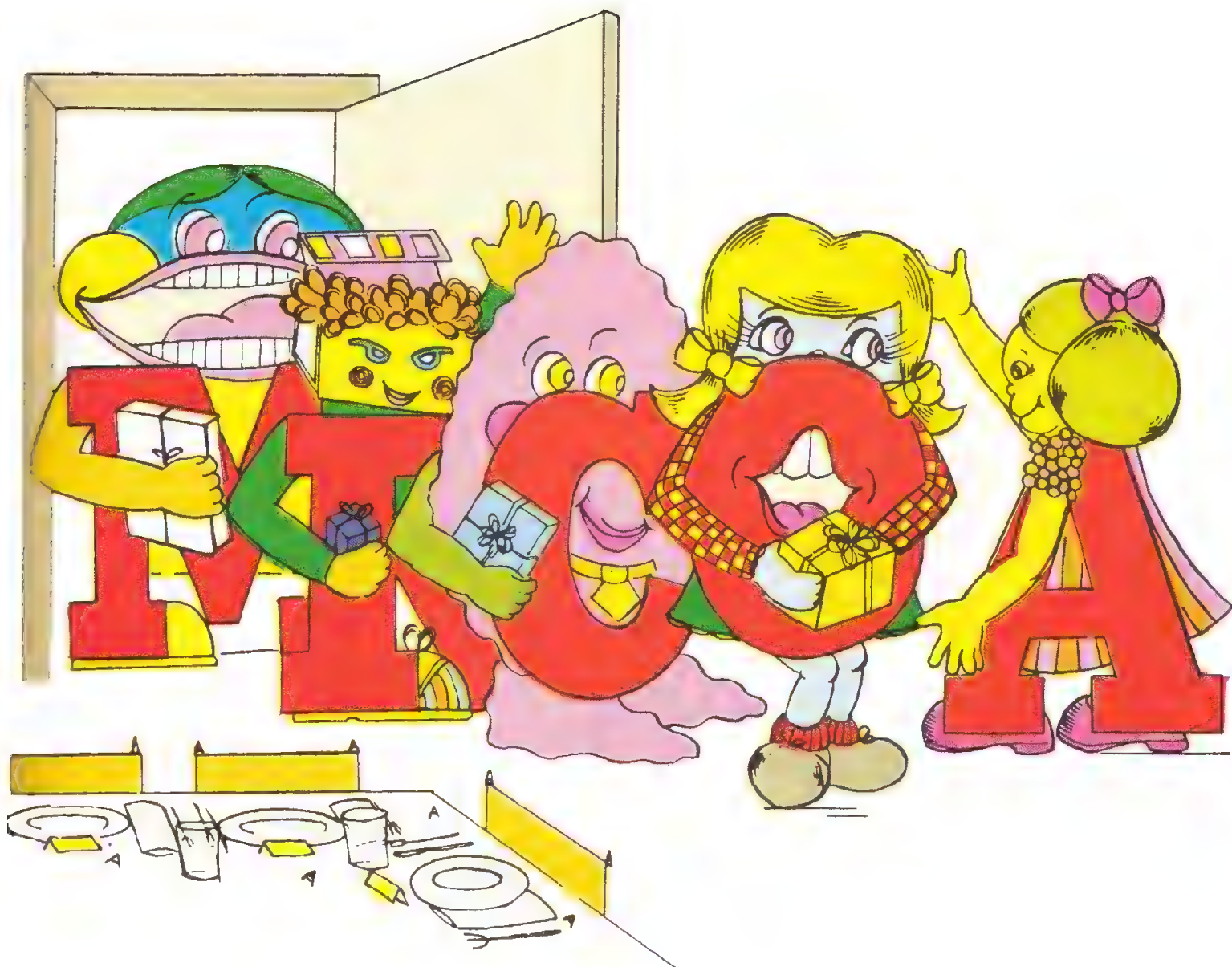
He grabs the tea and spills it.

Mr. C gets up.

“I ate my meal. I will leave,” he says.

“I like hot dogs and beans best.

Next time, serve it to me!”



The bell rings. Miss A gets up.
Miss A is so glad to wake.

“At last they are here,” says Miss A.
“I will not tell my dream.
What will the meal be like?”



What Did Miss A Dream?

1. (a) Miss A has no time to waste.
(b) Mr. C has no time to waste.
2. (a) Miss A spills the jam.
(b) Miss O gets jam on her hands.
3. (a) Miss O will not eat corn.
(b) Miss A can not serve corn.
4. (a) Miss A sits and eats.
(b) Miss A runs and runs.
5. (a) They all eat and eat.
(b) Miss O can not eat.

Sweet Dreams



I am having a dream!



I am standing in a shop.
Pink gum drops are hanging on black cords.
I see a shelf of short, wide cups.
Green mints fill part of those cups.
I see nuts in a big tin can.
On the next shelf is a box of thin chips.
I see a glass shelf with cake on it.
Each cake is red and is on a flat plate.
A plum cake is in a big dish.
Jars of peach jam are on the next shelf.
It is a fine dream! Yum, yum!





What can I eat first?

I will pick gum drops from the cords.

Drip, drip, drop!

It is raining gum drops.

I will take the mints, nuts and chips.

Click, click, clack!

It is raining cups and cans.

I will not stop to pick them up.

I can fill bags and bags of sweets.

I will take them home to share.

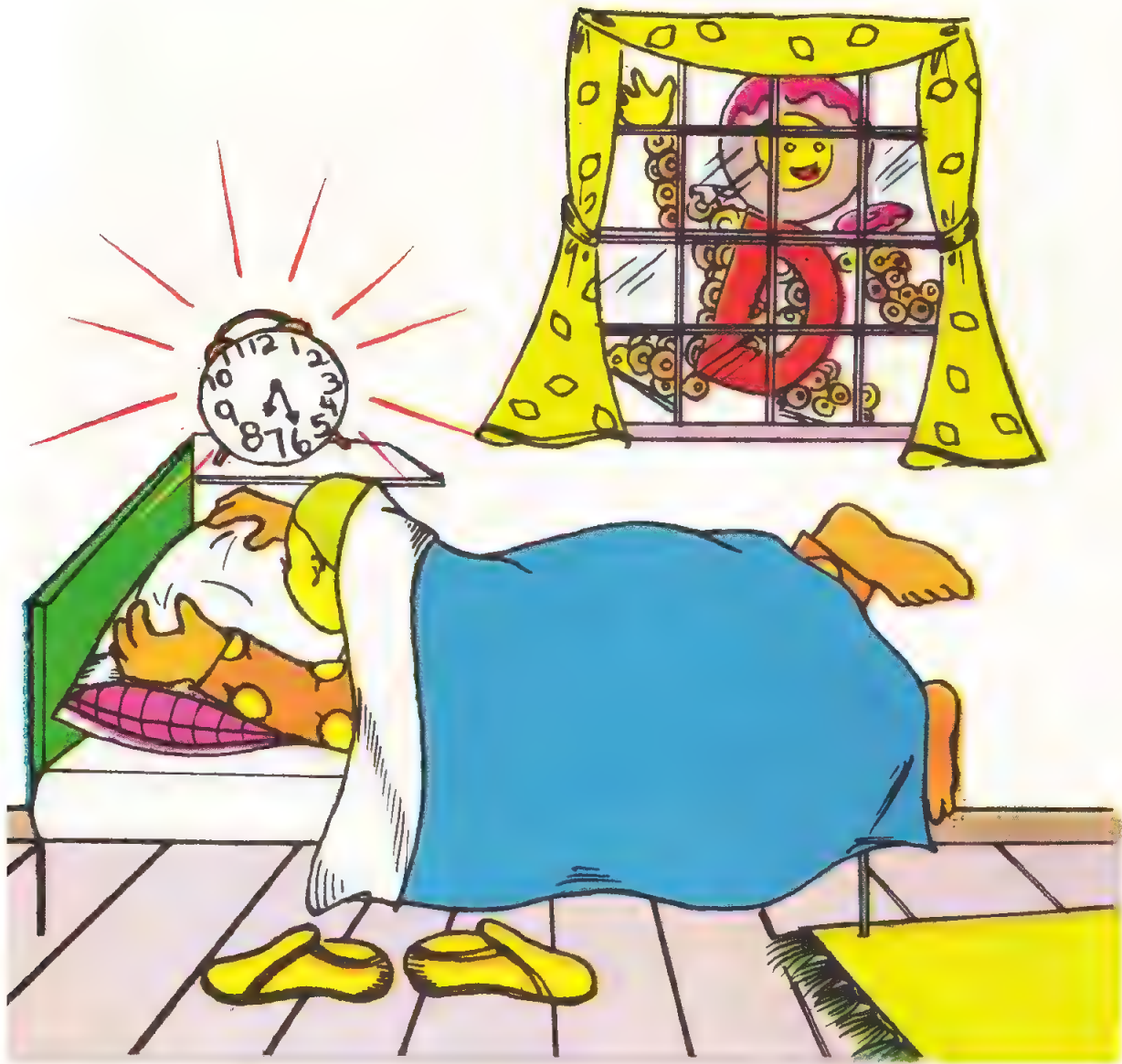
I like it here. I can not leave!





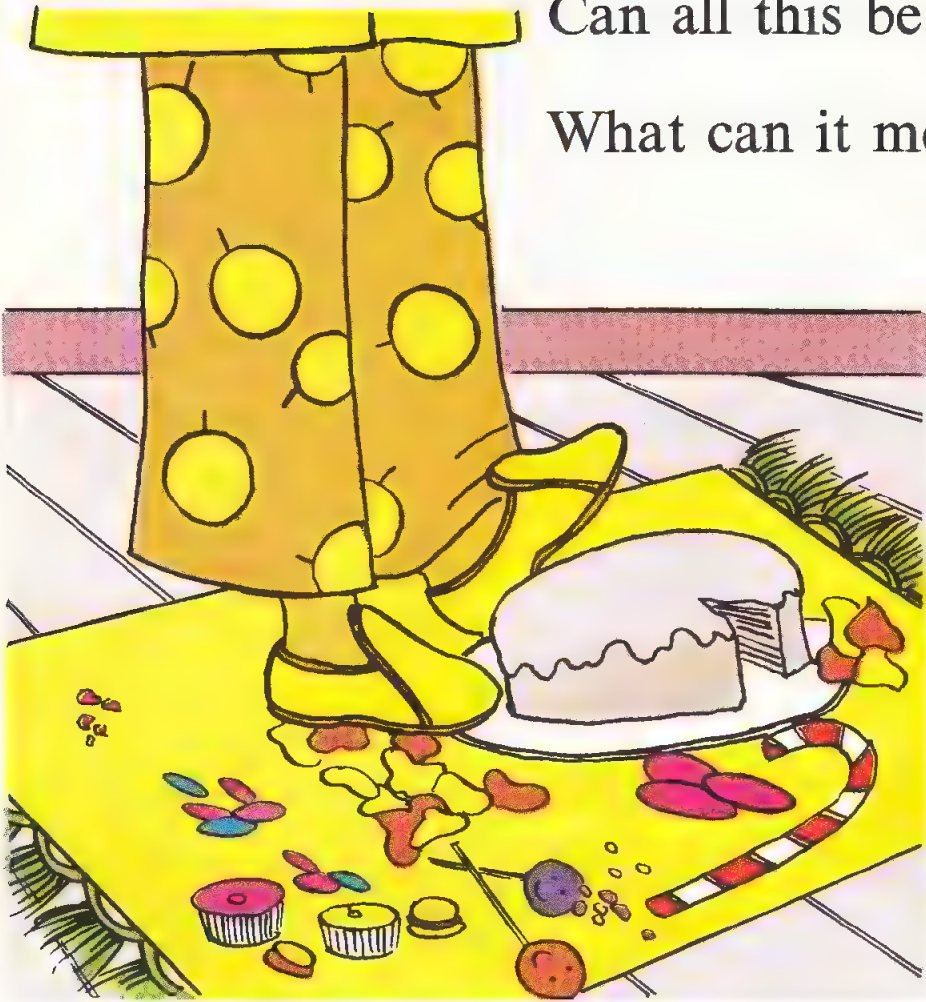
I see a jar of short sticks on a shelf.
I think of pops on a stick.
I think of gum drops on a stick.
I think of green mints, cake and chips.
Each is on a stick.
I can fill bags and bags.
I will take them all home.
I hope this dream will go on and on.





Clang, clang! Buzz, buzz!
I hear a bell ringing.
I must wake up.
I wish I did not have to wake.
I think of all the things I had to leave.
I hear Mr. D call me.
I get up. What a shock!

I step on the rug.
Crack! Crunch! Scrunch!
Can it be? Gum drops!
Green mints! Nuts!
Thin chips and cake!
Is it real? Is it still my dream?
Can all this be on the rug?
What can it mean? Can it be?





What Came First?

1. (a) I am having a queer dream.
(b) I am standing in a shop.
2. (a) I will pick gum drops from the cords.
(b) It is raining gum drops.
3. (a) I think of pops on a stick.
(b) I see a jar of short sticks on a shelf.
4. (a) I fill bags and bags to take home.
(b) I think of green mints, cake and chips.
5. (a) I step on the rug.
(b) Can all this be on the rug?

A Three Pops Drive



Miss O is going for a drive.
She will take Miss U, Mr. L and Mr. K.
“Get in the car!” she calls to them.
They all sit in the car.

“Let us start,” says Mr. L.

“We are going for a three pops drive.”

“I live at Six Lake Drive,” says Miss U.

“Is Three Pops Drive near my home?”

Miss O has a smile on her face.

“We are going for a three pops drive,
not to Three Pops Drive,” she says.

“Mr. L will lick three pops while I drive.

I will stop driving when no pop is left.

It will be a three pops drive,” says Miss O.

Mr. K sits next to Miss O.

Miss O says, "Please read each sign."

Mr. K can see the first sign.

"This sign says CROSSING," he says.

"What is a crossing?" asks Miss O.

"Must I tell you?" asks Mr. K.

"Did you pass a driving test, Miss O?

Just drive with care! Do not speak!"

“Read the next sign, Mr. K,” says Miss O.

“It says STATE LINE,” Mr. K tells Miss O.

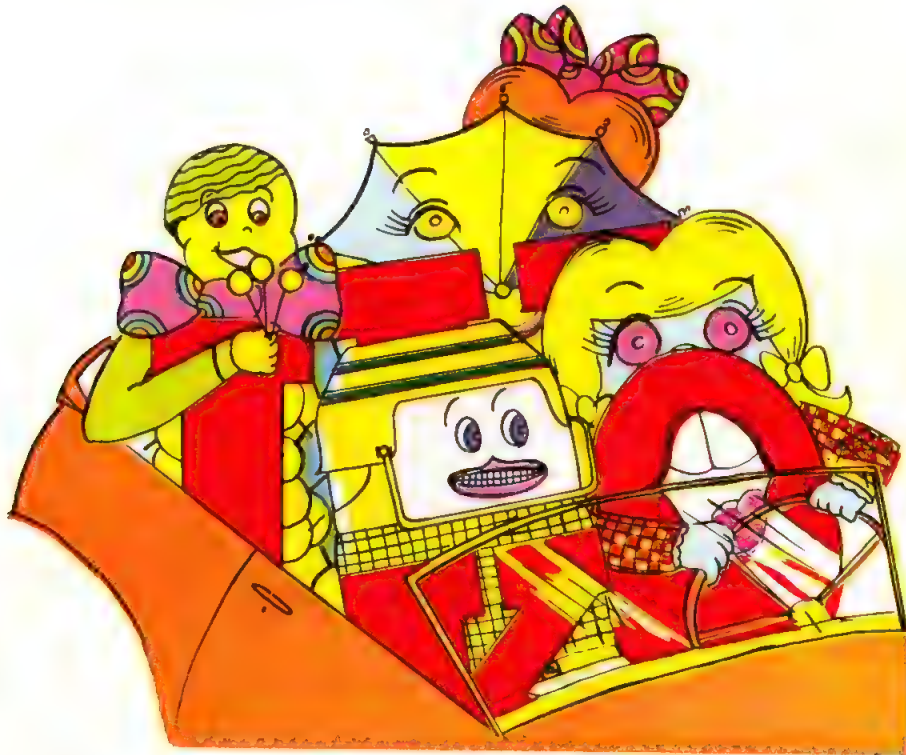
“What state did we leave?

What state are we in?” asks Miss O.

“Just drive with care!” says Mr. K.

“You must not speak while you drive!”

Mr. L keeps licking the three pops.





Miss O asks Mr. K if he sees a sign.

“The marks on the road are signs,” he says.

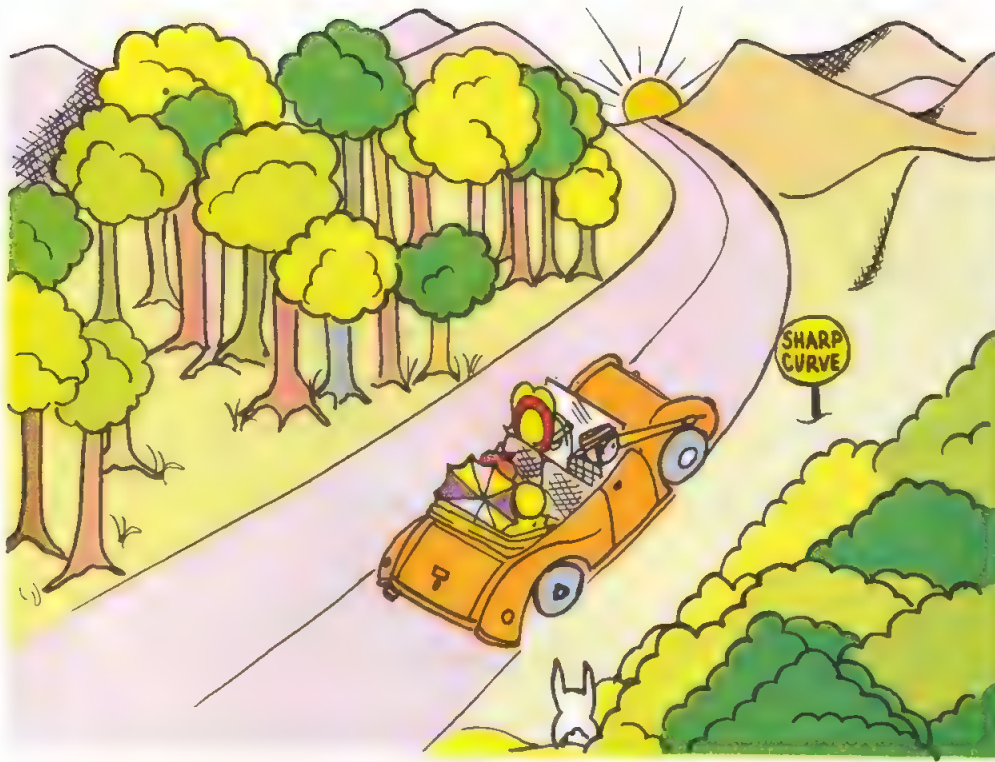
“The white line tells you what to do.”

“Is it a long line or in parts?” asks Miss O.

“The line is in small parts,” says Mr. K.

“That means I can pass a car,” says Miss O.

“Please drive with care!” begs Mr. K.



Miss O sees a sign on the side of the road.

“Please read that sign for me,” she says.

“It says SHARP CURVE,” says Mr. K.

“I see a bend in the road,” says Miss O.

“Please drive with care!” begs Mr. K.

“You must not turn to me when you drive.”

“Leave the driving to me!” says Miss O.

The next sign says STEEP HILL.

The hill has a lot of bumps.

“Do not make the car bump!” calls Mr. L.

“The pops keep hitting my teeth.”

“Keep licking the pops,” says Miss U.

“Eat them fast! It is getting dark.”

“At last we are on top!” says Miss O.

“I can read this sign. It says STOP.”

“I can not stop,” says Miss O.

“Mr. L is still eating the three pops.

Can I just pass the sign?”

“You must stop the car,” says Mr. K.

“You must do what the signs say!

You do not have to stop for long.

Just see if it is safe to go on.”



They keep on riding.

Mr. L lifts his hand. "Stop!" he calls.

"I ate the pops. The car must stop."

"No, no!" squeals Miss U.

"The truck in back of us is getting close.

If we stop, the truck will hit us.

Then we will all get hurt!"

"I do not care!" snaps Mr. L.

"I have no more pops to eat."



Miss O thinks fast. She has a plan.
She hands Mr. L a small bag.

She says, "A three pops drive is fun.
A three pops more drive is more fun, Mr. L.
Here are three pops more!"

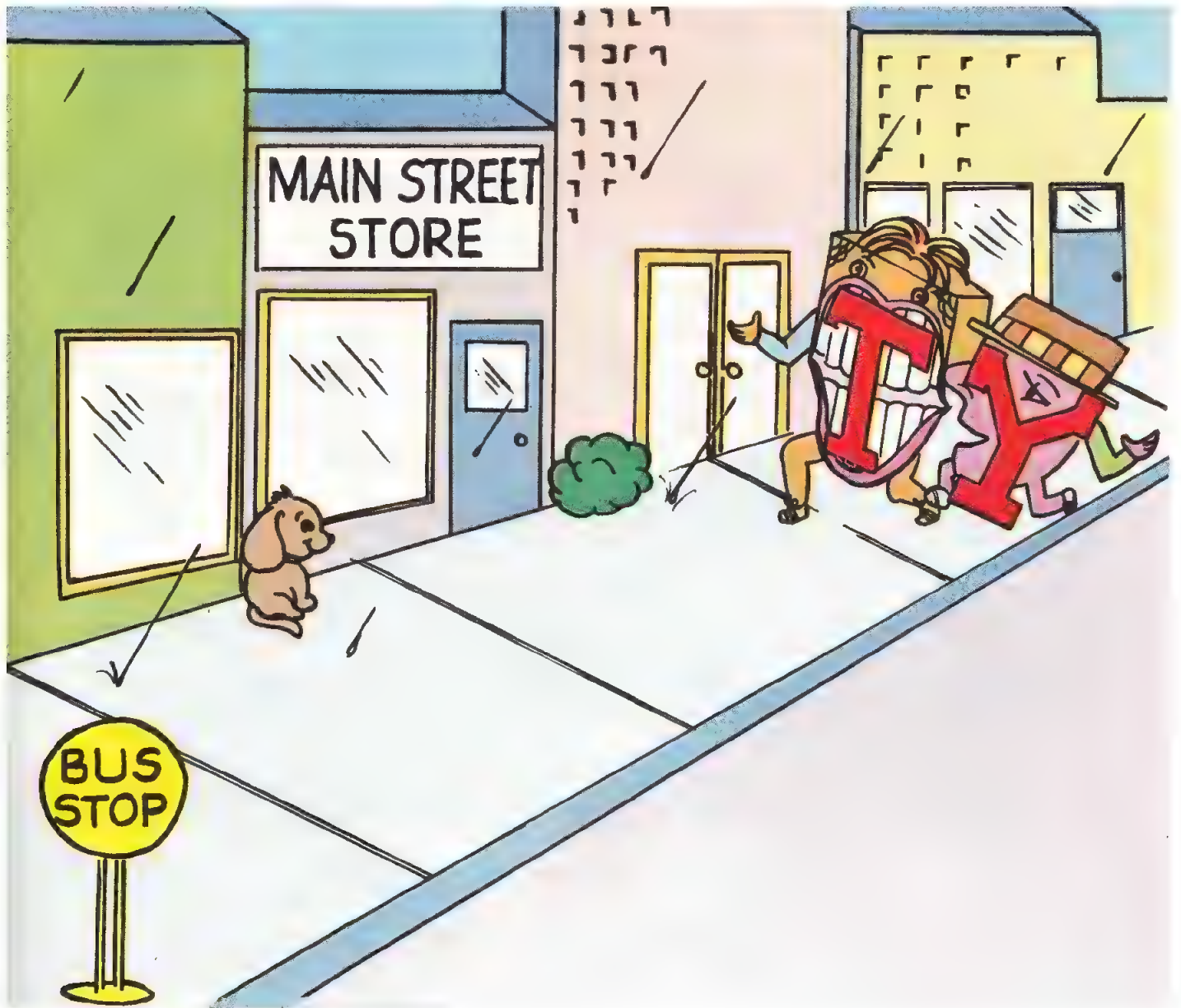


Which Is So?

1. (a) Miss O went for a three pops drive.
(b) Miss O went to Three Pops Drive.
2. (a) Mr. L reads the road signs.
(b) Mr. K reads the road signs.
3. (a) The pops kept hitting Mr. L's teeth.
(b) The pops kept hitting Mr. L's cheeks.
4. (a) Miss O drove up a steep hill.
(b) Miss O drove off a steep hill.
5. (a) Miss O ate three pops.
(b) Mr. L ate three pops.

Mr. T Tells A Tall Tale

1. Mr. T Meets A Dog



Mr. Y and Mr. T went to get a bus.
They met a dog on Main Street.
First Mr. Y tells what it was like.
Then Mr. T will tell it.

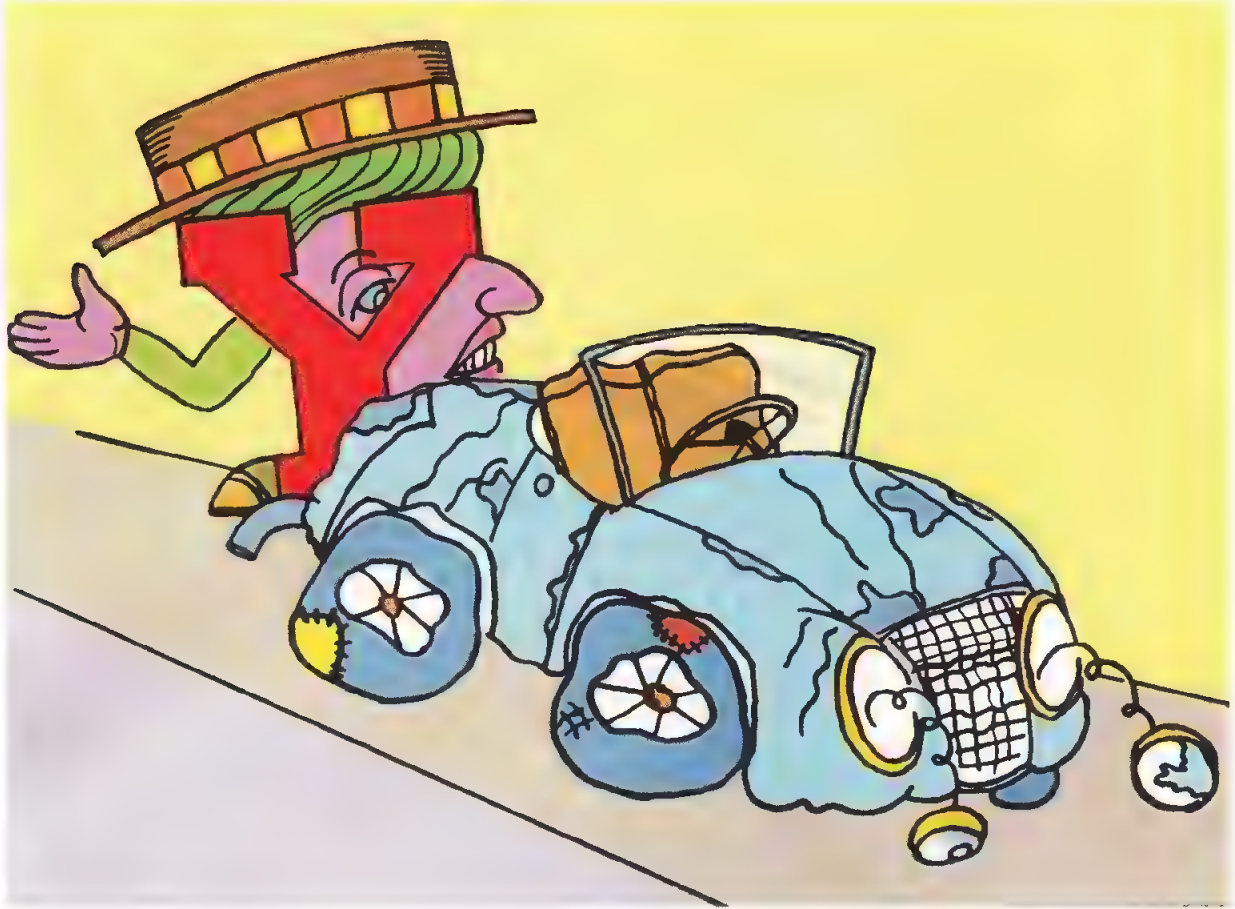


Mr. Y says, “It was raining a bit.
A small dog was standing near a store.
He was a sweet dog. He had a soft yelp.
You had to be close to hear him.
He kept licking Mr. T’s hand.
Mr. T ran to the bus stop.
The dog did not keep up with him.
Mr. T had to wait for the bus.”



Mr. T says, "It was raining hard.
A big, big dog was near a store.
He was mean. He kept snarling at me.
His bark was as big as he was.
He was going to bite me with his big teeth.
I tried to run. He ran at my heels.
I got to the bus just as it was leaving."

2. Mr. T Has A Car



Mr. Y says, "Mr. T has a car.
Mr. J gave it to him. It was free.
Three hub caps are missing.
The paint has chips and streaks.
Mr. T can not make the paint shine.
The hard seats have no springs.
The horn can not beep well.
The car can not go fast.
What a car!"



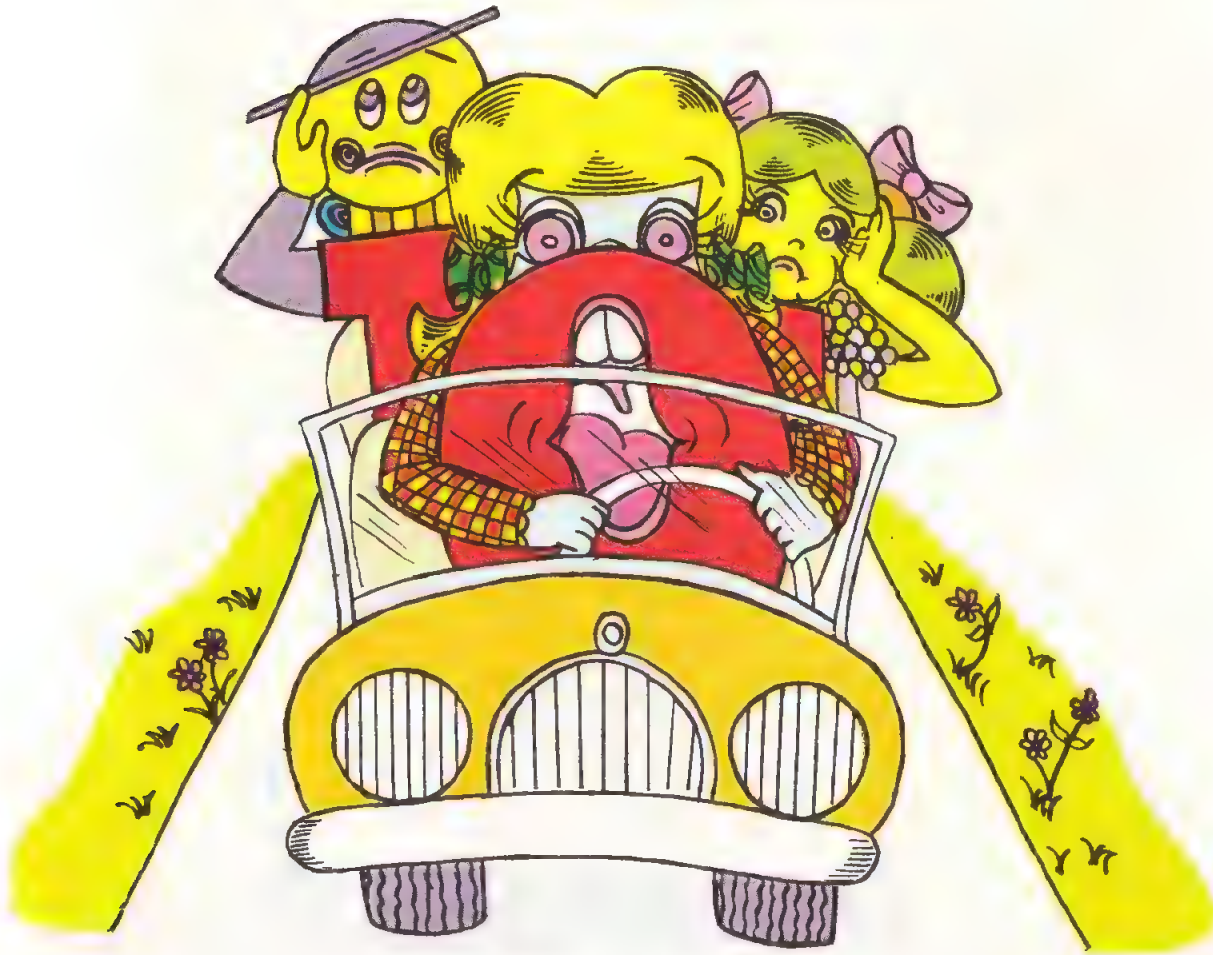
Mr. T says, “I have a car.
I paid a lot for it.
The hub caps gleam.
The car has a fine coat of paint.
The car is shining in the sun.
The seats are as soft as a bed.
The horn has a fine, shrill beep.
The car goes as fast as a jet plane.
It is quite a car!”



Which Is The Tall Tale?

1. (a) The dog Mr. T met was a sweet dog.
(b) The dog Mr. T met was a mean dog.
2. (a) The dog had a soft yelp.
(b) The dog's bark was as big as he was.
3. (a) The hard seats have no springs.
(b) The seats are soft.
4. (a) Mr. T got a car free.
(b) Mr. T paid a lot for the car.
5. (a) Mr. Y tells a tall tale.
(b) Mr. T tells a tall tale.

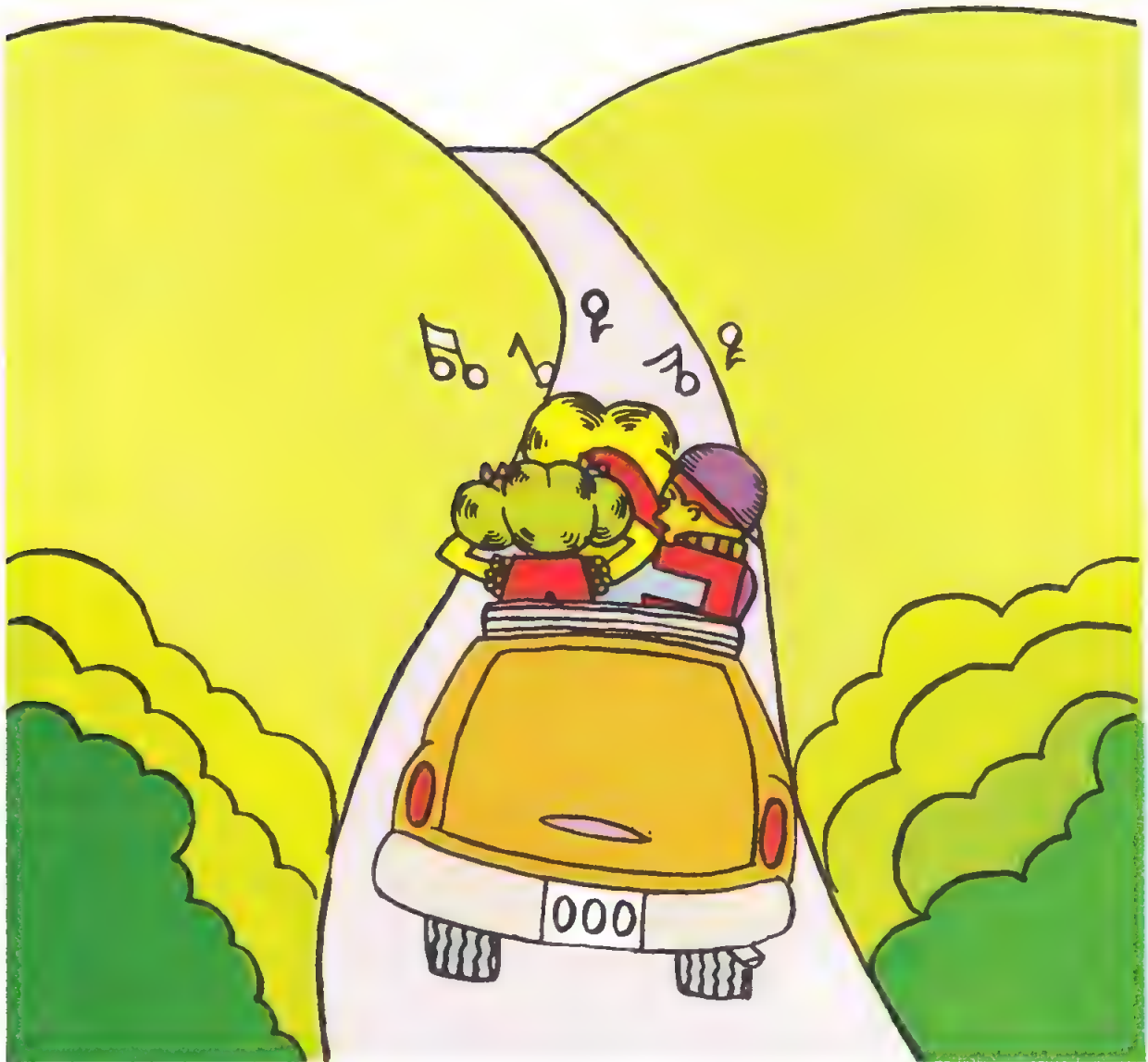
The Train to Flat Rock



Miss O is driving to Flat Rock Park.
Mr. F and Miss A are going with her.

Miss O sings to them.
She can not sing in tune.
She sings, "Riding the train to Flat Rock
is fun - o, o, o!"

Miss O has a fine time as she sings.
Mr. F is not having a fine time.



Mr. F wants Miss O to stop singing.
He has a plan.

He will keep asking her lots of things.
He will keep Miss O speaking to him.
Then she will not have time to sing.

Mr. F asks, "When do you turn left?"

Miss O sings,

"When the sign says so - o, o, o!"

Mr. F will not give up.

He asks, "Can we swim at Flat Rock?"

Miss O sings, "We will see when
we get to Flat Rock - o, o, o!"

Miss A asks, "Do trains go to Flat Rock?"

Miss O sings, "When I stop for gas,
you will see the train - o, o, o!"

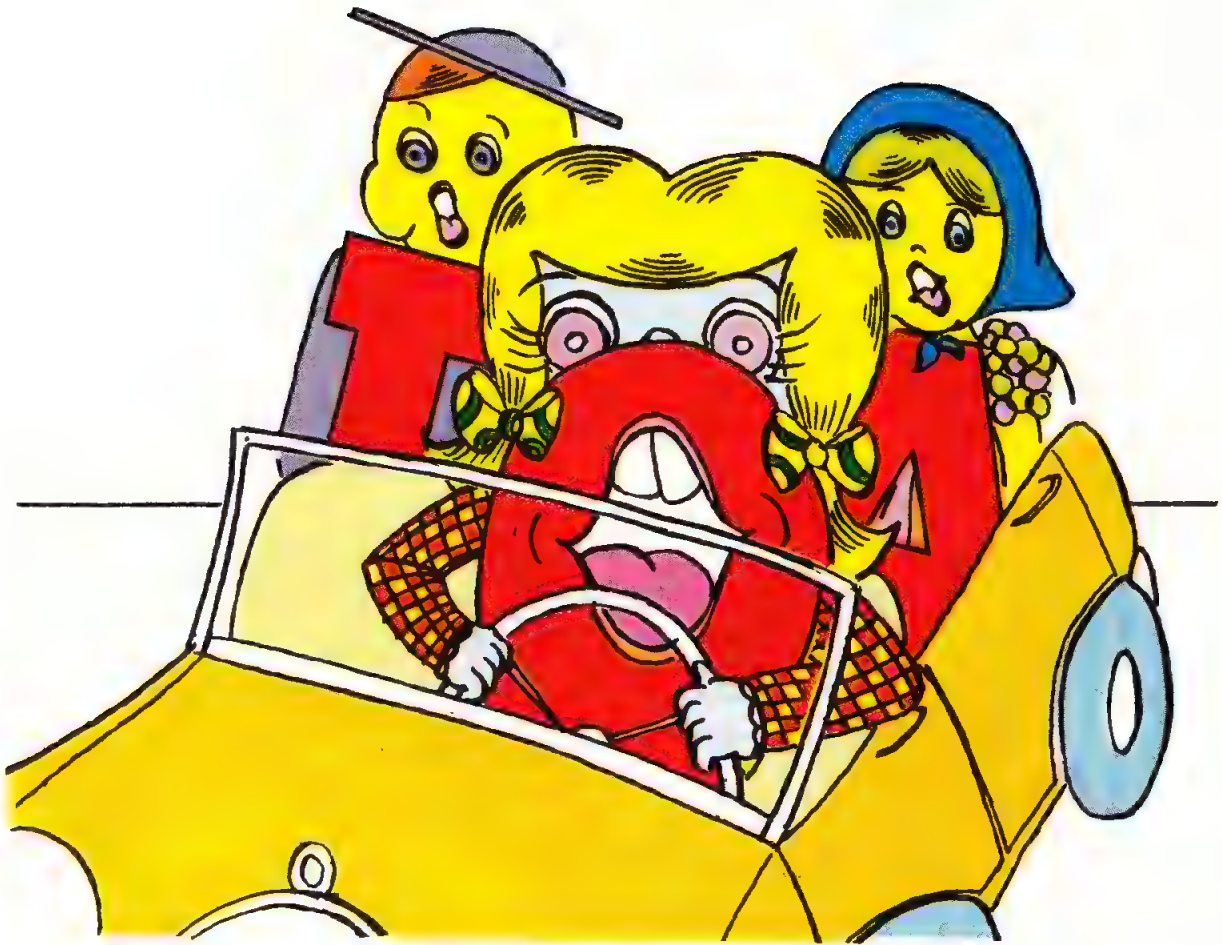
Mr. F says to Miss A, "It is no use.
Miss O is going to keep on singing."

“I have a plan,” says Miss A to Mr. F.
“I can not tell it to you at this time.
Just wait till we stop for gas.”

Miss O sings at the top of her lungs.
“Riding the train to Flat Rock
is fun - o, o, o!”

“I wish I did take the train.
My ears hurt!” says Miss A.

“It is the wind,” sings Miss O.
“Here is a scarf - o, o, o.”



“I am getting sick,” groans Mr. F.

“Are you car sick?” asks Miss O.

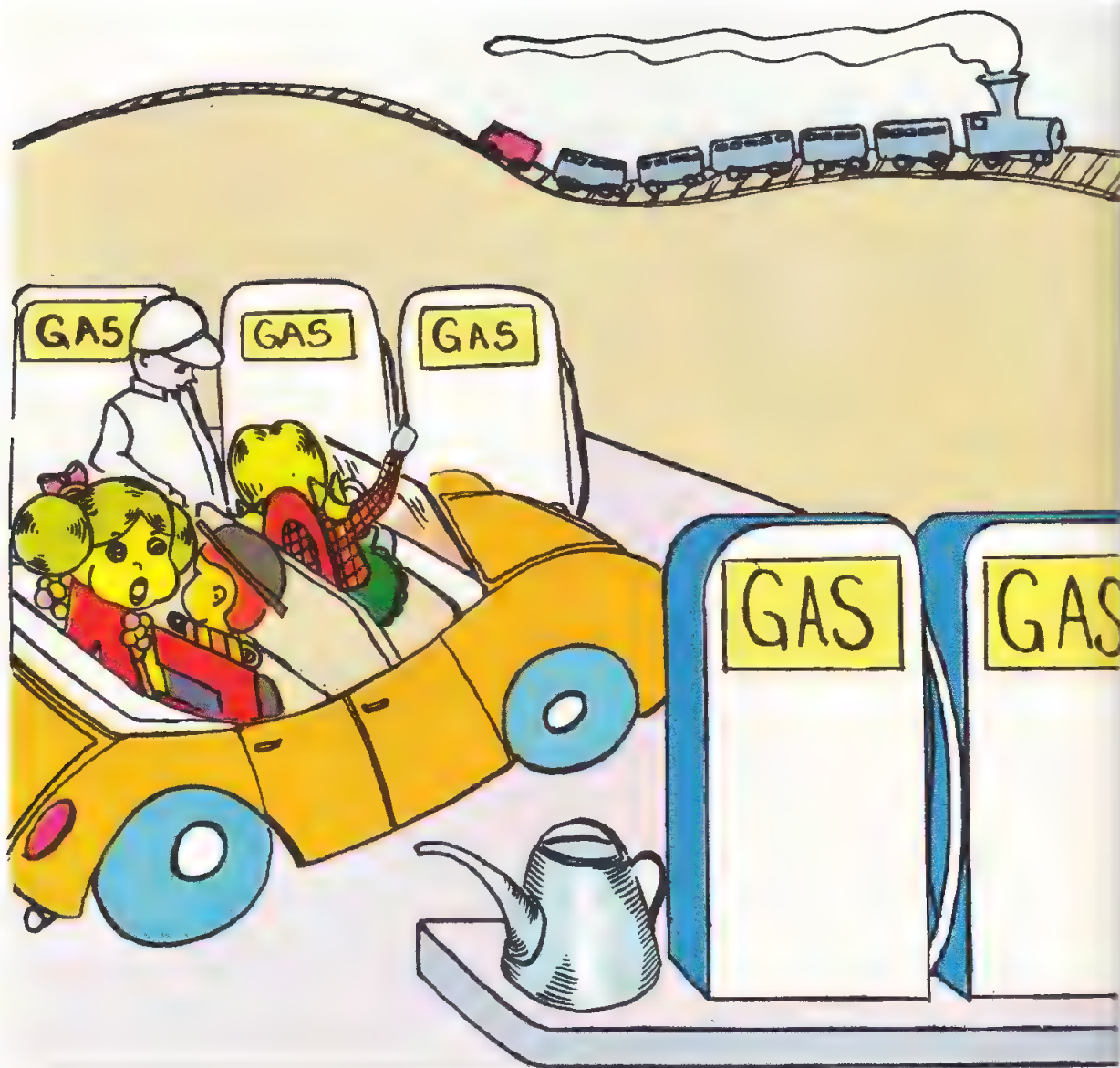
“I am ear sick!” moans Mr. F.

“I have no scarf for you,” says Miss O.

“Just sing with me and you will feel fine.”

“Let us sing with her,” says Mr. F.

They all sing, “Riding the train to
Flat Rock is fun - o, o, o!”



Miss O stops to fill the gas tank.
She sings, "Do you see that train?
It goes to Flat Rock - o, o, o."

Miss A is sitting close to Mr. F.
He can hear her, but Miss O can not.
Miss A says, "It is time for my plan."

Miss A turns to Miss O.

She says, "The train to Flat Rock is here.
Do you care if we take the train, Miss O?
We can meet you at Flat Rock Park."

"Ride with me in my car," begs Miss O.
"I will drive well and keep singing."

Miss A says, "You keep singing, 'Riding
the train to Flat Rock is fun - o, o, o!'
We must see if the train is fun."

"Yes, that is so - o, o, o!" sings Miss O.



Miss O is quick to park her car.
She says, "I will take the train with you.
I will sing on the train."

"Riding the train to Flat Rock
is fun - o, o, o!" she sings.

“I am going to be sick,” says Mr. F.

“Train sick?” asks Miss O.

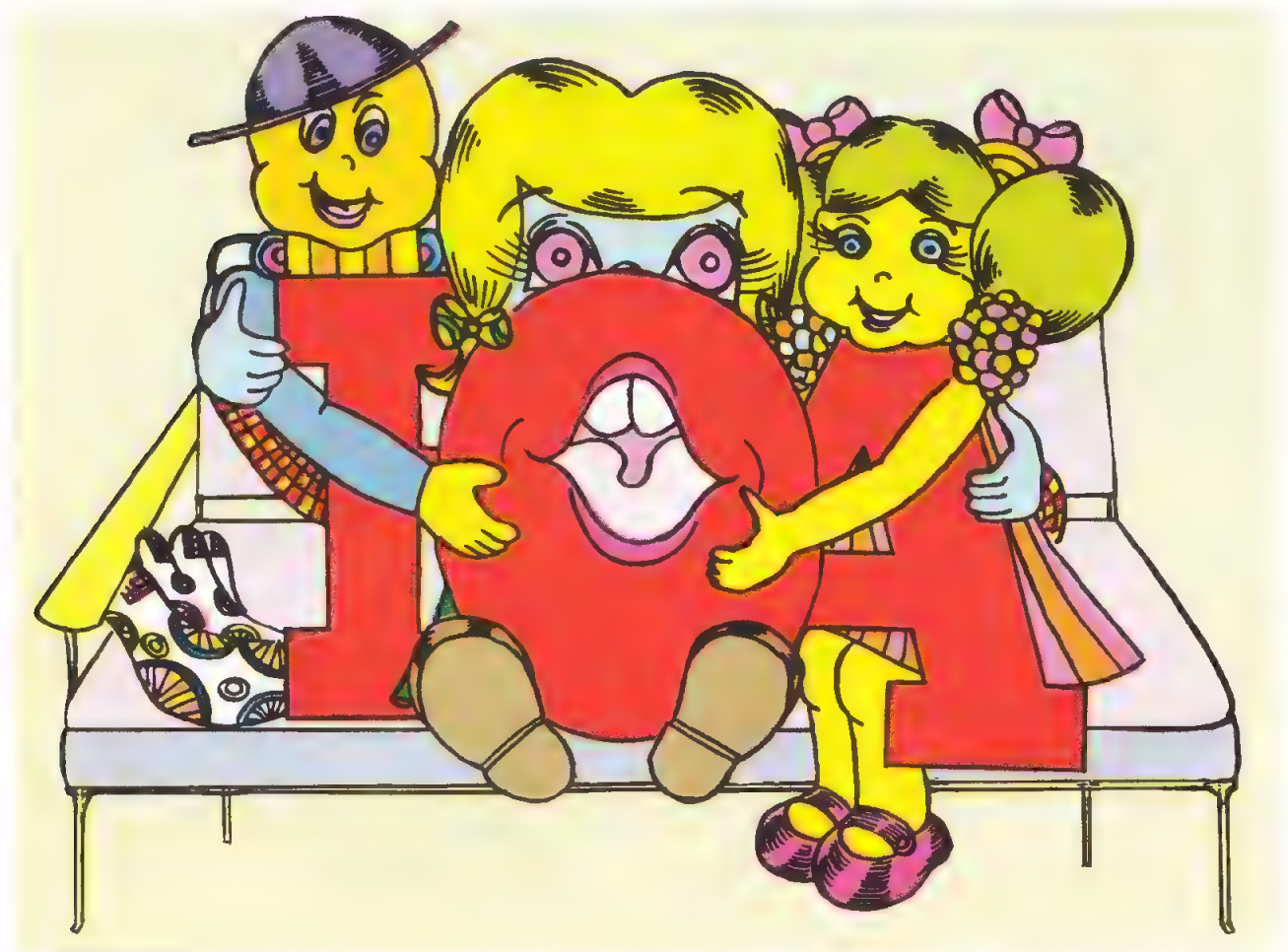
“No, just ear sick!” says Mr. F.

“You will feel fine.

I will keep singing,” says Miss O.

Mr. F and Miss A hug her as she sings,

“Riding the train to Flat Rock is
fun - o, o, o!”

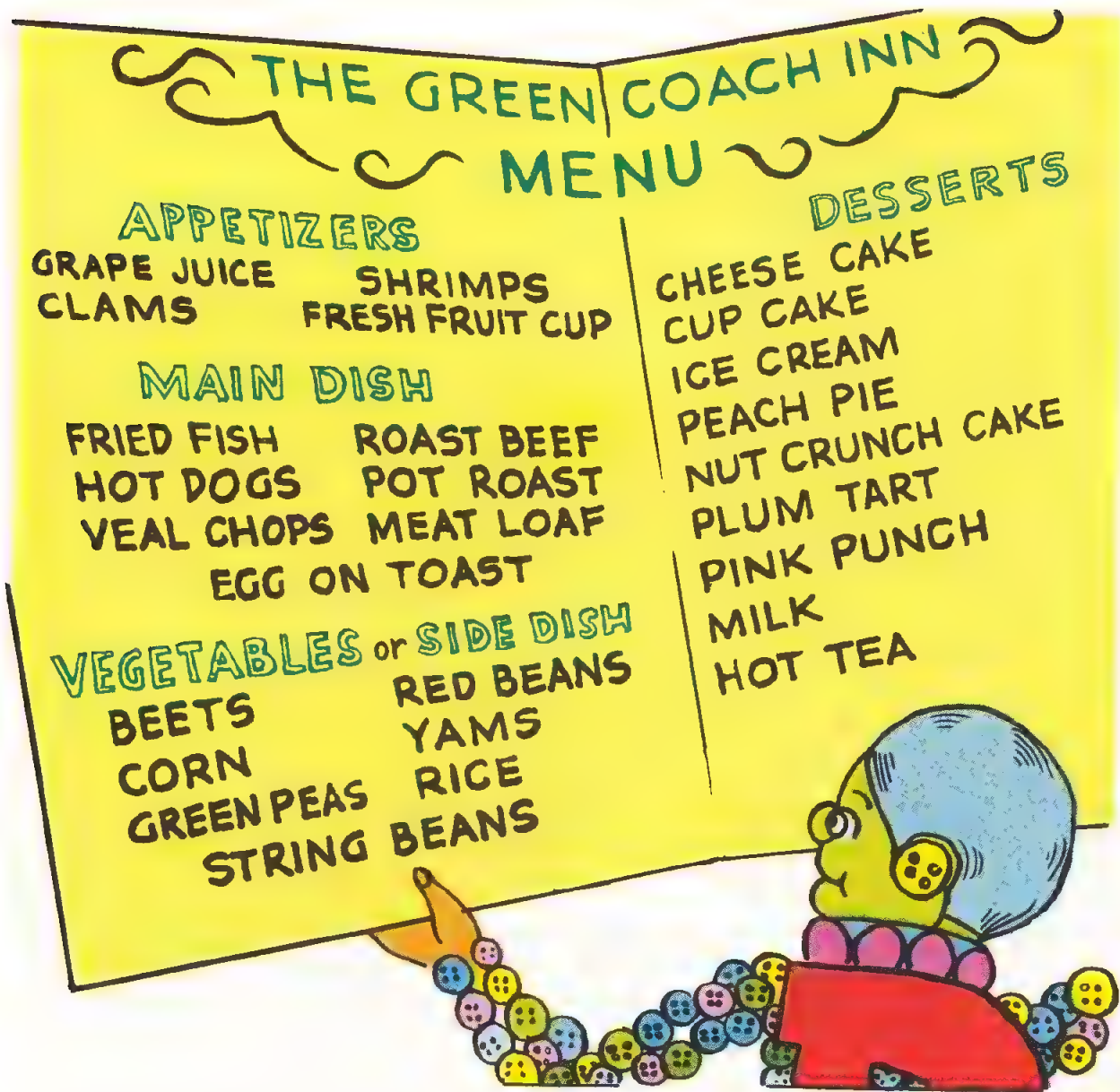




Can You Tell?

1. What did Miss O do while she was driving?
2. What feeling did Mr. F have as Miss O kept singing?
3. What did Miss O give Miss A for her ears?
4. What did Miss O get for the car tank?
5. What did Miss O do on the train?

Lunch at The Green Coach Inn

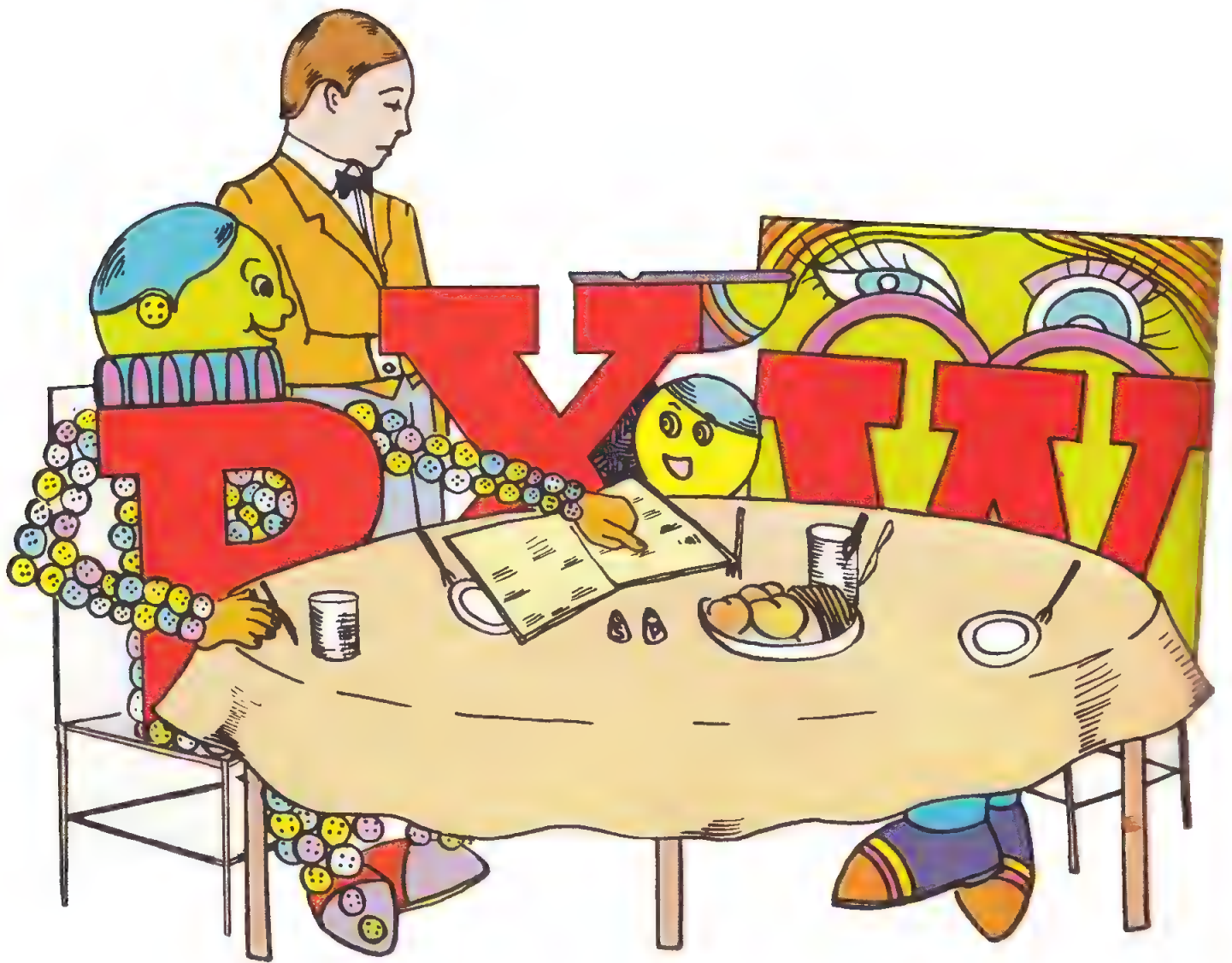


Mr. W, Mr. B and Mr. X are at the
Green Coach Inn.

They will eat a big lunch.

Each of them is reading a menu.

A man will serve the meal to them.



Mr. B is quick. He picks grape juice.

Mr. W will have the same.

Mr. X says, "Please bring me ice cream,
nut crunch cake and pink punch."

“Mr. X, what part of the menu are you reading?” asks Mr. B.

“Did you start at the top of the list?
May I help you find the place?”

“I have the place.
I start at the end,” says Mr. X.

“You start at the end?” asks Mr. B.

“Buzzing bees!” thinks Mr. B.
“What a place to start a meal!”



Mr. W and Mr. B drink the juice.

Mr. X has his ice cream, cake and punch.

“Let us pick the main dish,” says Mr. W.

Mr. B picks roast beef and corn.

Mr. W picks veal chops with rice.

Mr. W thinks, “Winking wheels!

What will Mr. X pick this time?

What part of the menu can he be reading?”

Mr. X says, “I pick hot dogs and beans.”

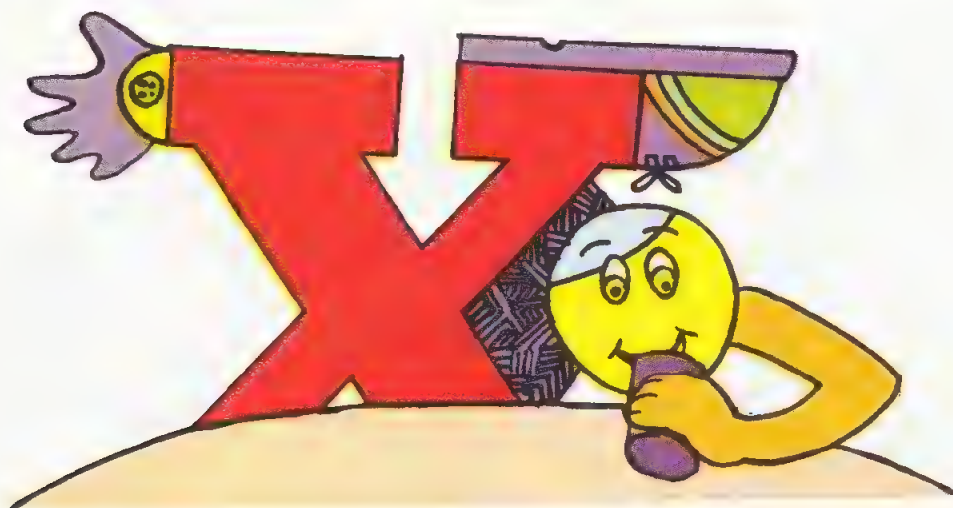
Mr. W and Mr. B smile.

Mr. X is reading the menu as they do.

It is time for the last part of the meal.
Mr. B picks a cup cake and punch.
Mr. W will get peach pie and tea.
Mr. X says, "Please bring me grape juice."

"This is funny!" says Mr. W.
"We all just had the same place.
Mr. B and I are at the end of the menu.
Why is Mr. X at the start of the menu?"

Mr. X turns to Mr. B and says,
"I start at the end, and end at the start.
I like it that way!"





Can You Tell?

1. What part of the menu is Mr. X reading at the start?
2. What is the first thing Mr. X will eat?
3. What is Mr. B thinking when Mr. X starts the meal?
4. What is Mr. W thinking when it is time for the main dish?
5. What part of the menu is Mr. X reading at the end?

The File of Mr. X



Mr. X. has a **Lost and Found** file.

It is in his house.

Miss E lost three things.

She came to see if Mr. X has them.

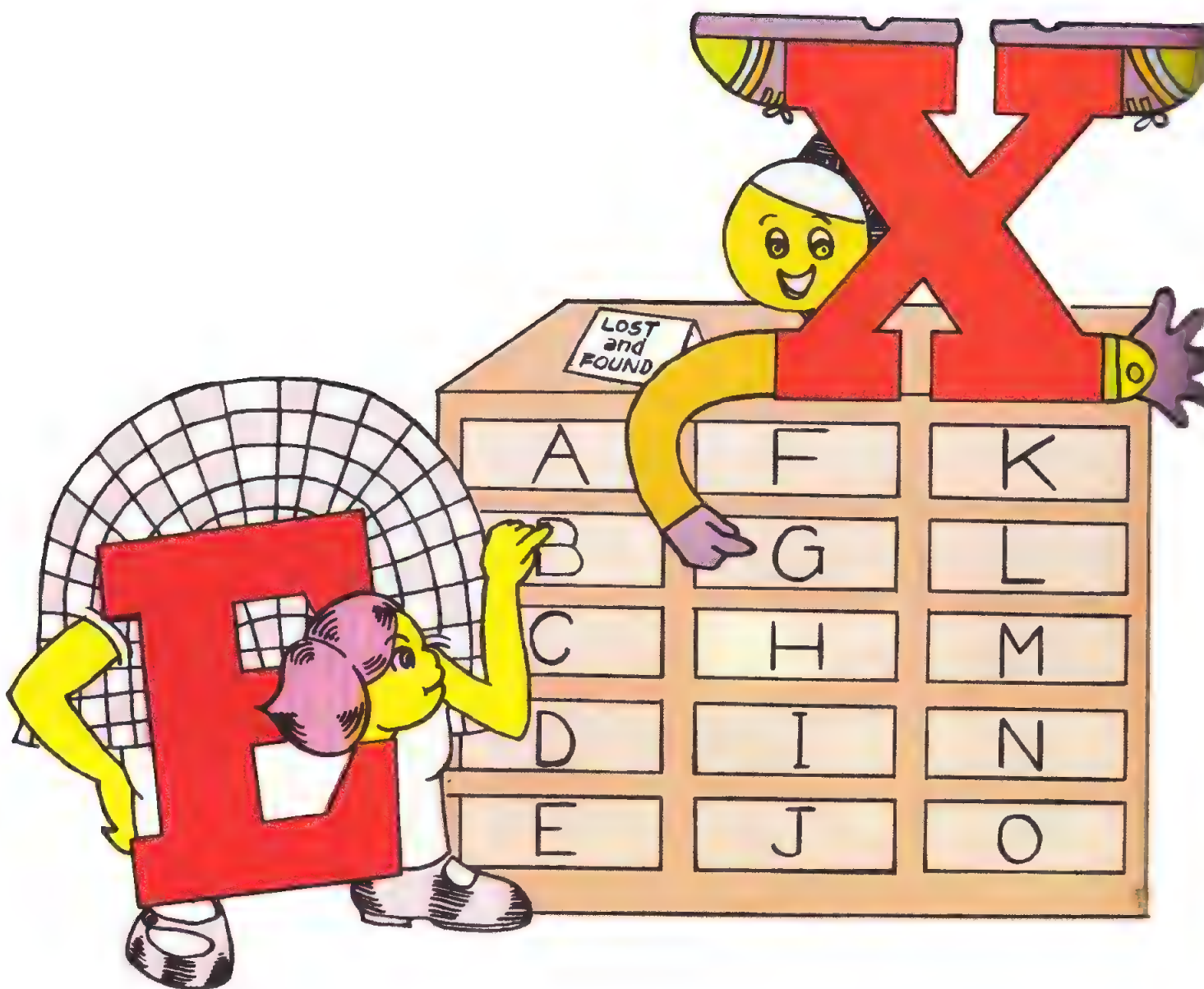
She lost a bow, a box and a ball.

Mr. X says, "I have the things you lost.

I have each thing in place.

I file with care."

Mr. X is as proud as can be.



“Can I take my bow?” asks Miss E.

“Yes, I will tell you how my file is set up,” says Mr. X.

“I start with A and go to Z.”

“I file the same way,” says Miss E.

“My bow will be in the file that starts with **B**.”

“No, no!” says Mr. X.

“Your bow is in the **G** file.”

Miss E has a strange look on her face.

“Why do you file a bow in the **G** file?

Bow starts with **B**,” she says.

“That is a queer place to file it!”

“Queer!

It is not queer at all,” says Mr. X.

“When I think of **bow**, I think of girls.

Girls starts with **G**.

I place a bow in the **G** file.

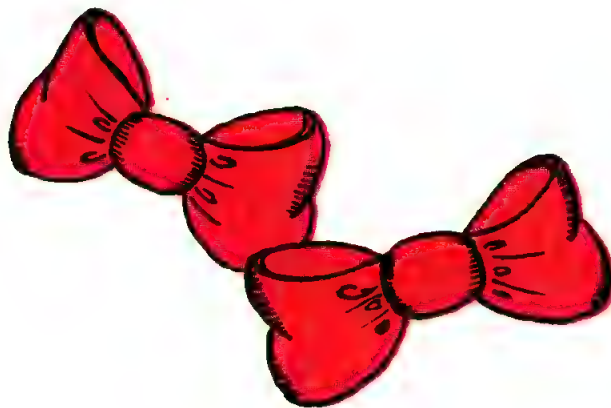
That is the way I think.

That is the way I file.”

Miss E goes to the **G** file.

Her bow is there!

She thinks, “Where can my ball be?”



Miss E asks, “Mr. X, where is my ball?
Is it in the file starting with **B**?”

“No, no!” shouts Mr. X.

“When I think of **ball**, I think of playing.”

“Wait!” says Miss E. “Let me try!

You think of playing.

You file the ball with **P**.”

Miss E runs to the file to get her ball.

She sees the **P**, but not her ball.



Miss E turns to Mr. X.

“My ball made you think of playing.
It is not here with **P**,” she says.

“Where did you place it?”

“Do not stop me while I speak!
When I think of playing, I feel happy.
I file the ball in the **H** file,” says Mr. X.
“That is the way I think.
That is the way I file.”



Miss E runs to the **H** file.

There is her ball!

Miss E will try to get her box.

She will not ask Mr. X for help.

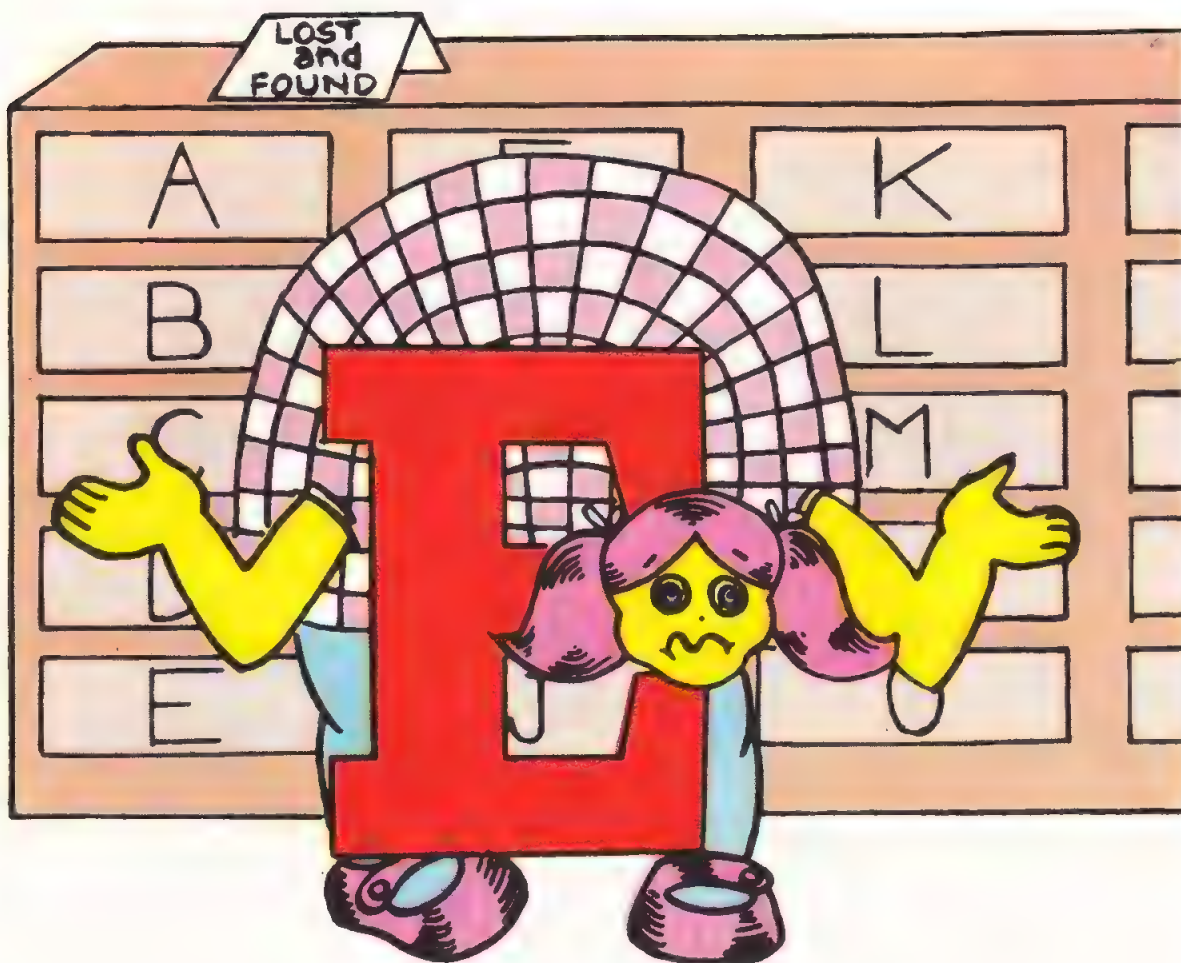
She can file his way. It is such fun!

She thinks, “My box has a red string.

It must be in the **R** file.”

She runs to the **R** file.

No box is there.



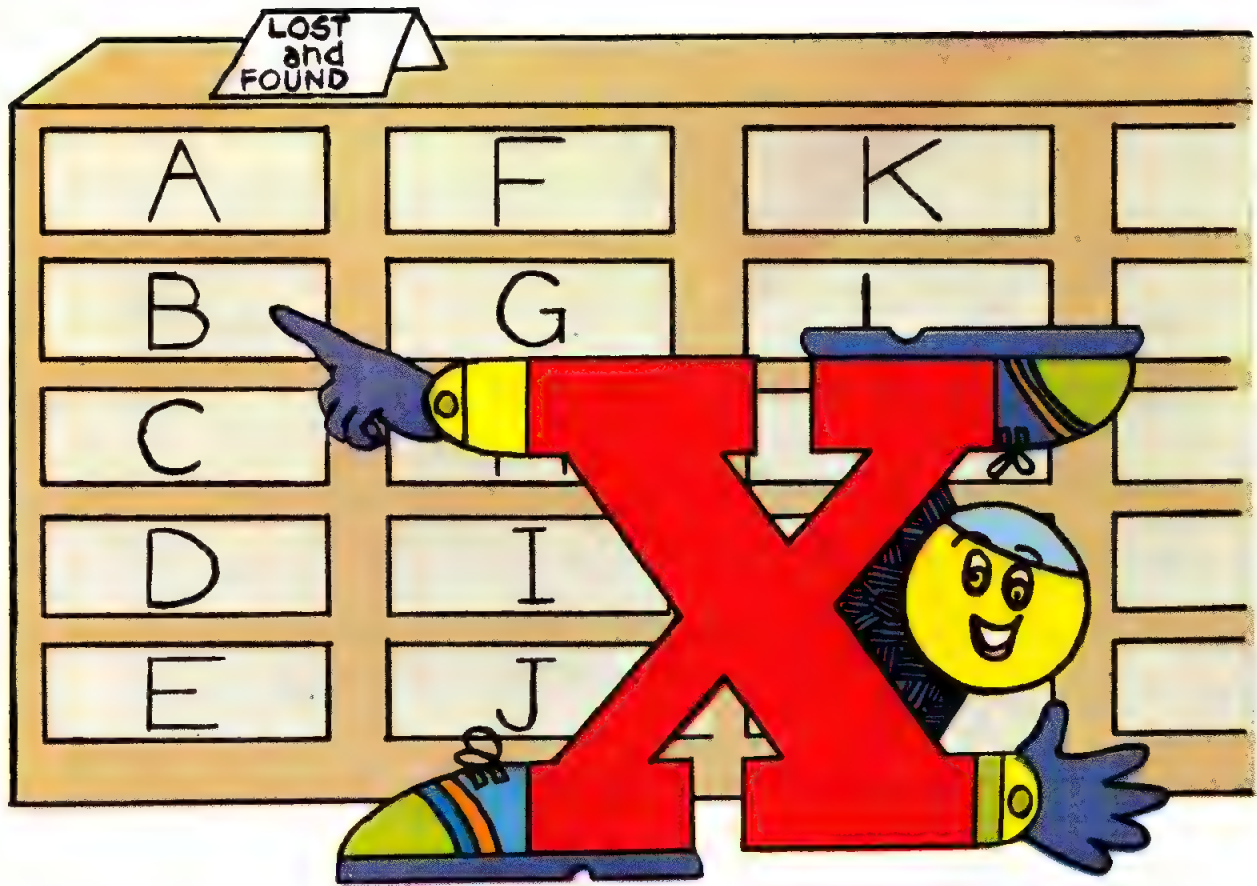
Miss E says, "It must have made Mr. X think of string. It will be in the S file."

She runs to the S file. No box is there.

Miss E says to Mr. X, "We do not think the same way.

I can not use your file, Mr. X.

Where is my box? I give up!"



Mr. X says, "It is not hard!
When I see a box, all I think of is **box**.
Box starts with **B**.
Your box has to be in the **B** file.
That is the way I think.
That is the way I file."

Mr. X lifts the box out of the **B** file.
"Here is your box," he says.

Miss E says, “My bow starts with **B**.
It was in the **G** file.
My ball starts with **B**.
It was in the **H** file.
My box starts with **B**.
It was in the **B** file.
What a way to file!
Mr. X, you are so funny!
Do not change!
Stay just as you are!”

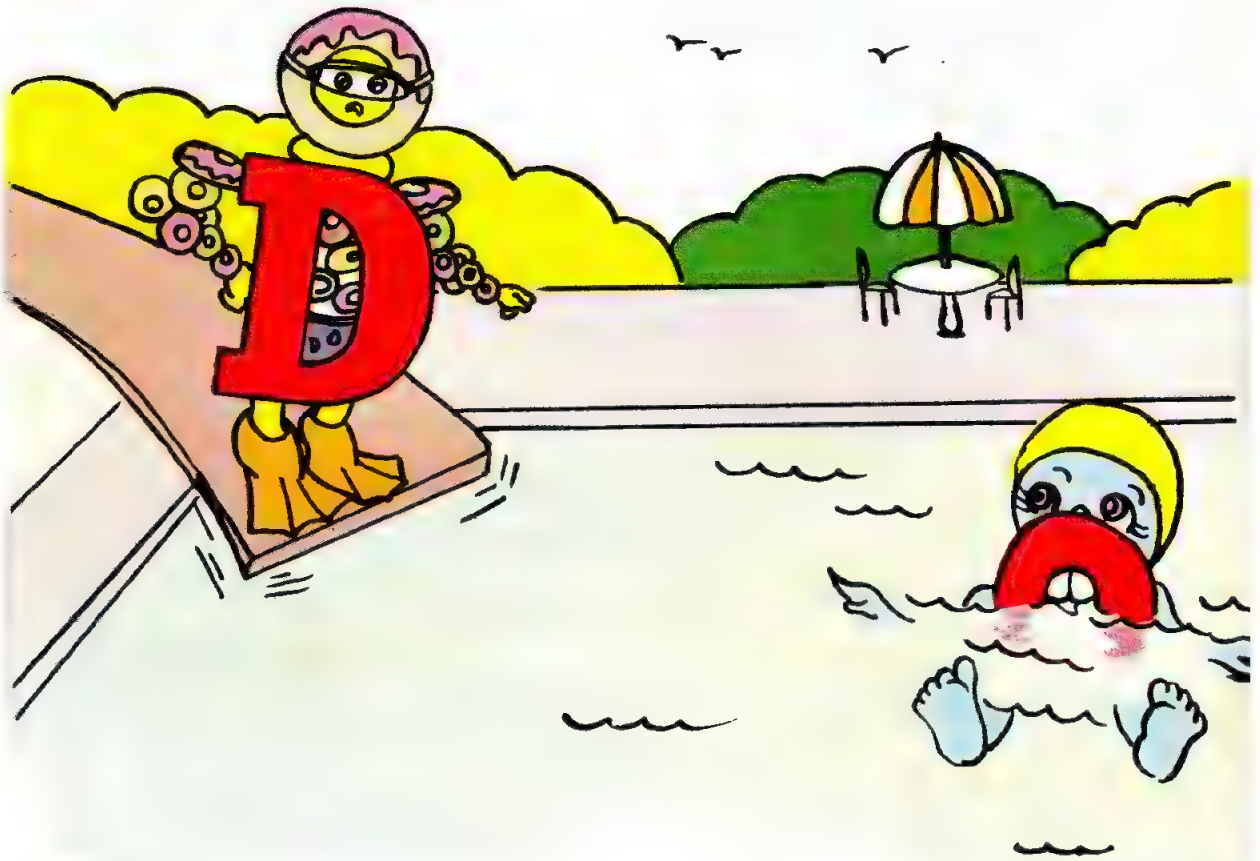




Tell Us

1. Why did Miss E go to see Mr. X?
2. What things had Miss E lost?
3. Where did Mr. X keep the lost things?
4. Why did Mr. X file the bow in the **G** file?
5. How do you know Miss E can not file like Mr. X?

Tweet, Tweet



Mr. D is getting set to dive.
He has a diving mask on his face.
He has fins on his feet.
He stands on tiptoe. He waits.
He springs up and down but does not dive.
What can be the matter?
He lifts the mask.
He holds his nose and falls into the pool.



What a dive! What a splash!

What a surprise!

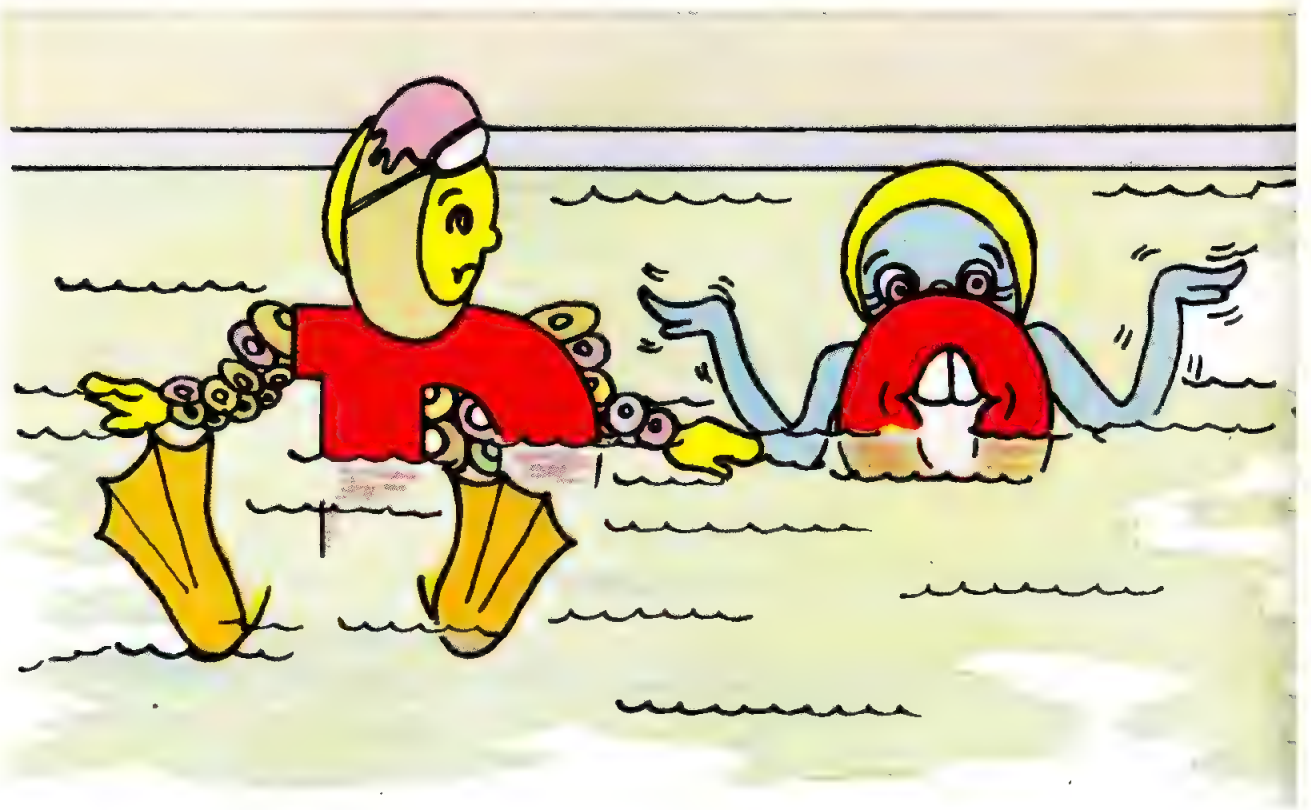
Mr. D lands on top of Miss O.

“I did not mean to hurt you!” he shouts.

“It was a mistake. Miss O, speak to me!”

Miss O does not say a word.

“Wake up and speak to me!” he pleads.



Mr. D shouts and shouts for help.
All of a sudden he hears Miss O.

“Tweet, tweet!” chirps Miss O.

“What a thing for her to say,” thinks Mr. D.

“Tweet, tweet!” chirps Miss O.

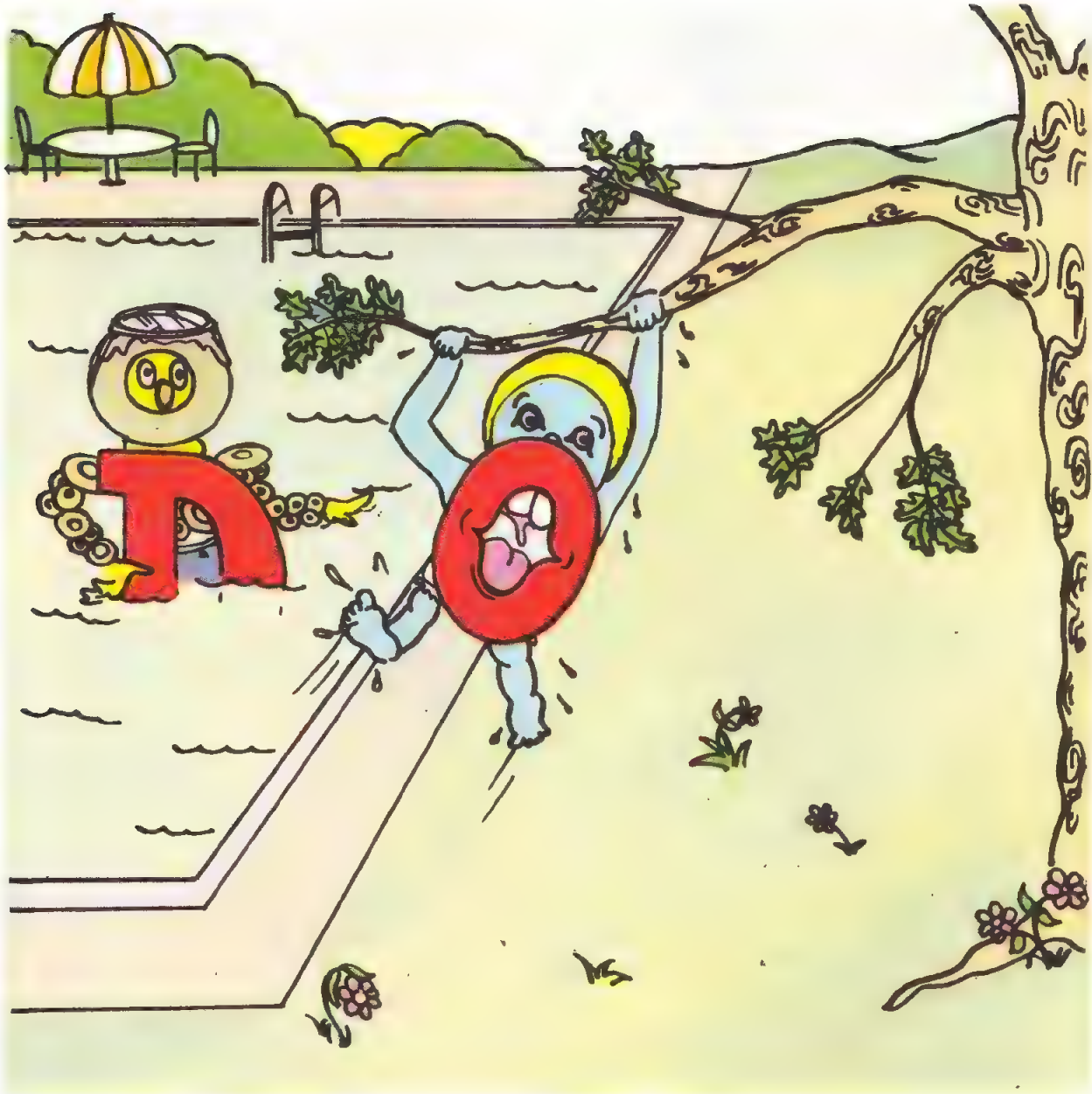
Miss O flaps her arms.

“I must fly to a tree,” she chirps.

Mr. D frowns. He thinks to himself,

“She does not remember she is a person.

Miss O thinks she is a bird!”



“I must sing in a tree,” says Miss O.

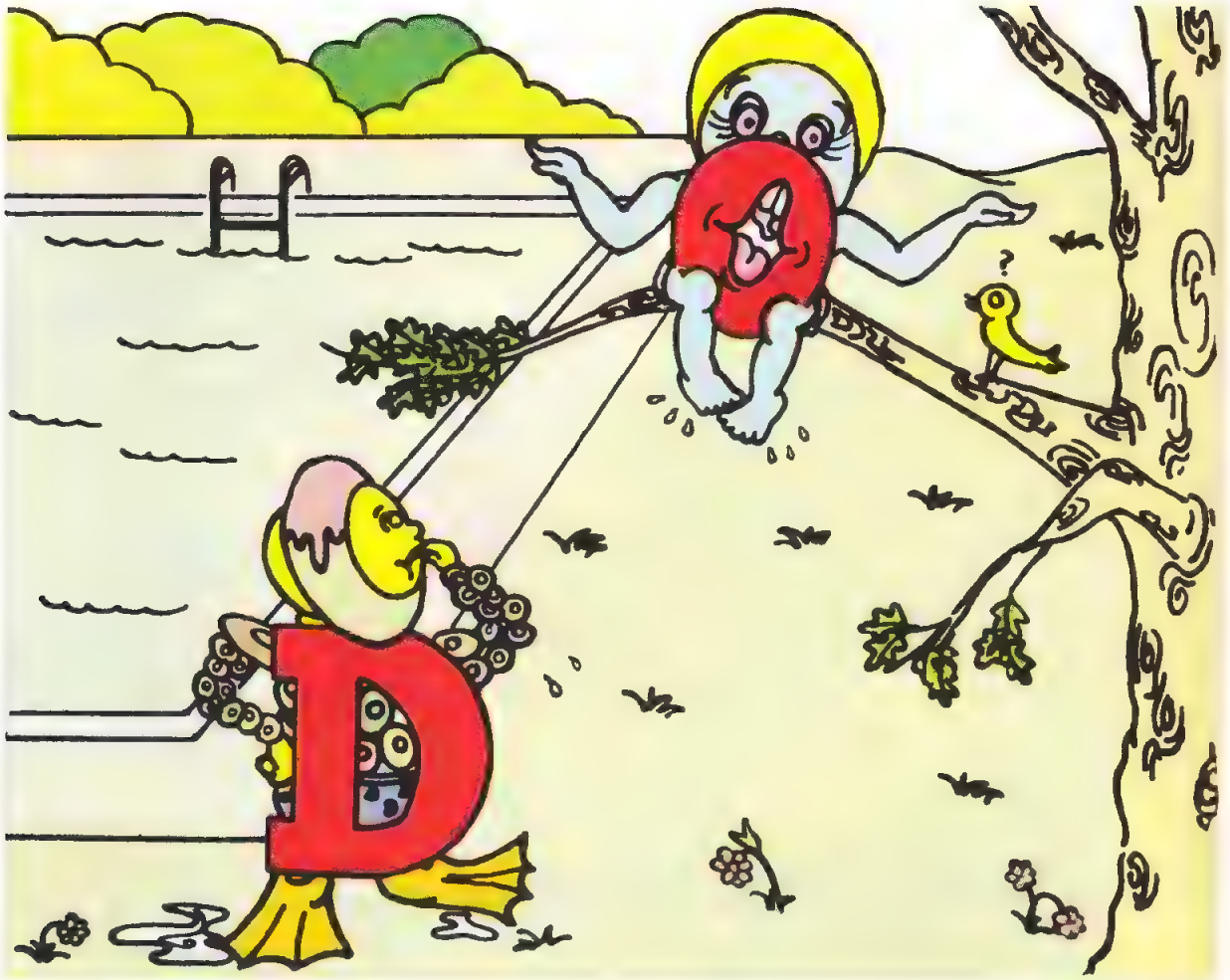
“Tweet-o, tweet-o!” she sings.

“I am so sweet-o!”

She grabs a branch and swings herself up.

“I must have a place to sleep,” she chirps.

“You must help me make a nest.”



“I will help you,” calls Mr. D.

“Please, do not fall!

I will get you string and twigs and paper.

I will even show you how to make a nest.”

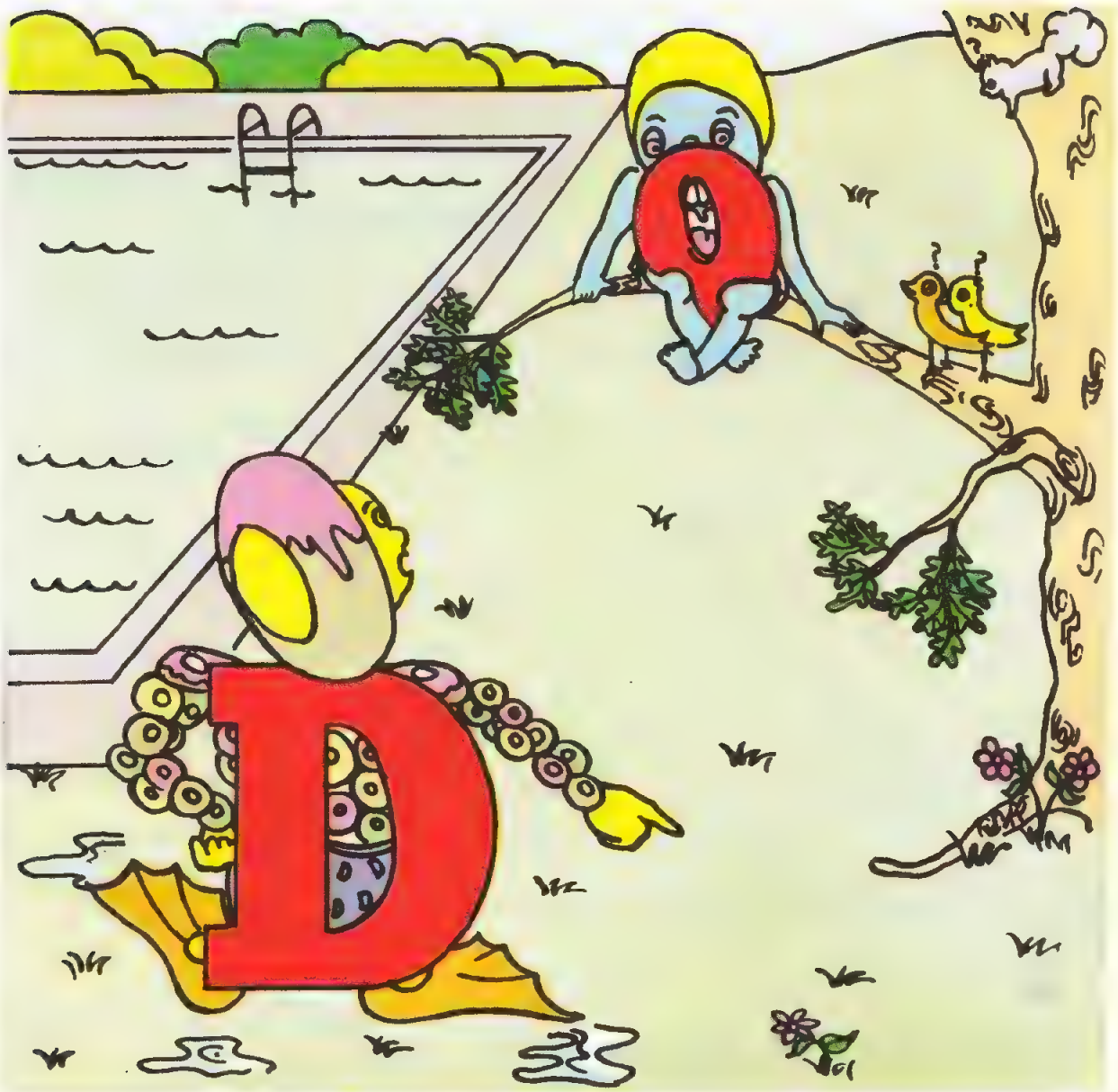
“String and twigs!” shouts Miss O.

“Keep the string and twigs and paper.

Bring up my bed!”

“Bed!” screams Mr. D.

“How can I bring up a bed?”



“Get down from that tree!” shouts Mr. D.

“I can not bring up a bed.”

“Then bring up a cot!” calls Miss O.

“That will be perfect.

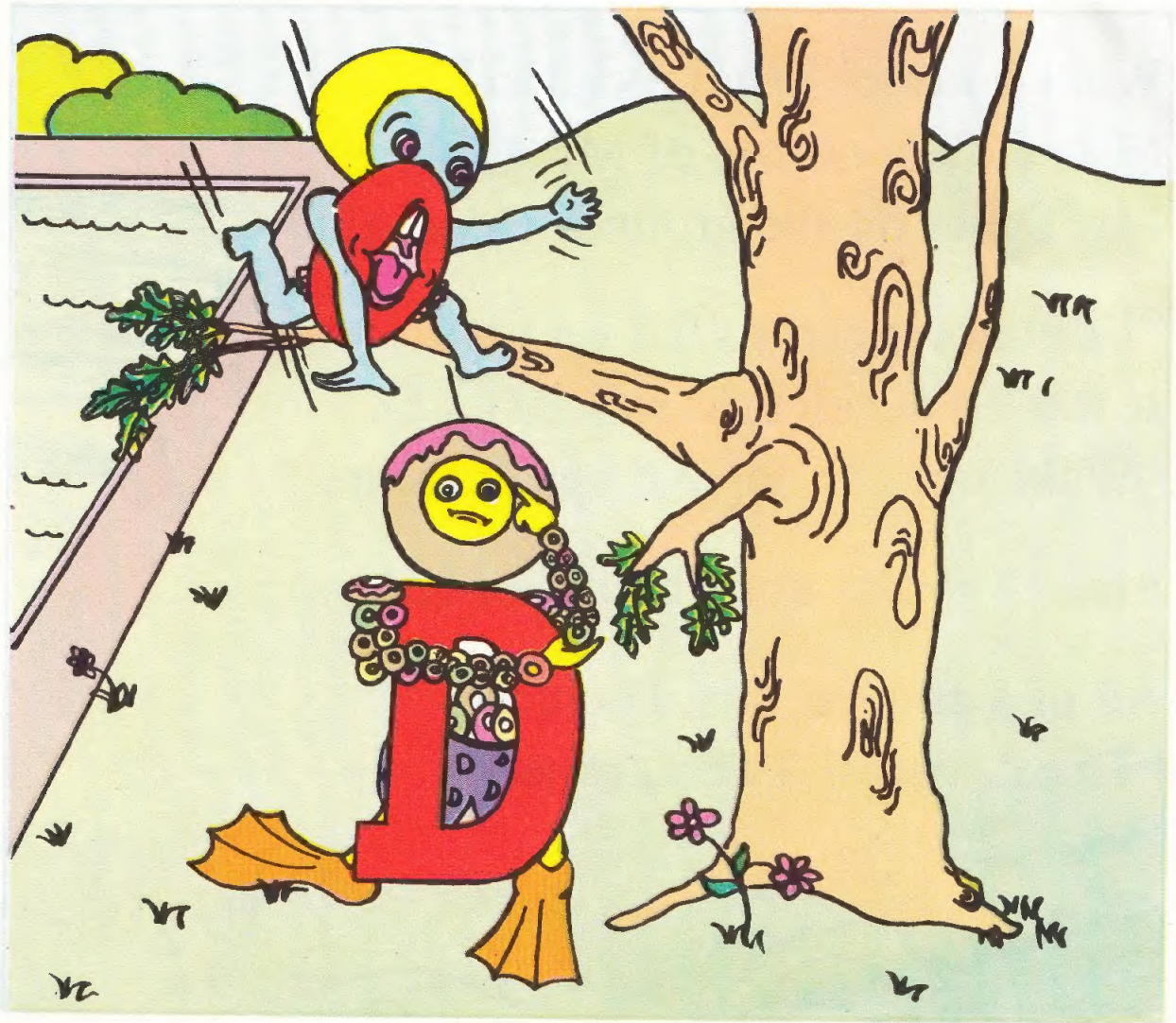
Bring my yellow blanket and red socks.

Then I will feel better.”

“Get me a basket of food!” calls Miss O.
“I want roast beef and potato chips.
Send a slice of tomato with it.”

These words make Mr. D think.
“A bird does not eat roast beef with
potato chips!” he shouts at Miss O.
“Get down from that tree this instant!”

“This bird will eat roast beef
with potato chips!” insists Miss O.
“This bird will sleep in a cot with
a yellow blanket and red socks!”



Mr. D thinks it is all funny.

Can Miss O be playing a trick on him?

Is Miss O trying to scare him?

Is Miss O in shock?

Mr. D stands under the tree and thinks.

Miss O is up in the tree.

She creeps to the edge of the branch.

She leans over to look at Mr. D.

What a noise! What a clatter!
Miss O falls on top of Mr. D.
Mr. D lies on the ground. He is still.

“I did not mean to fall on you!
It was an accident!” sobs Miss O.
“Wake up, Mr. D, and speak to me!”

Miss O shouts and shouts for help.

All of a sudden, Mr. D chirps,
“Tweet, tweet! Tweet, tweet!”

